

318 Jonson (Ben) Comickall Satyre of Every Man out of his 5.-0-0.  
Humour, as it was first composed by the Author, contain-  
ing more than hath been publickely Spoken or Acted,  
with the several character of every Person  
perfect, but a short copy, morocco, by Bedford  
London, Printed for William Holme, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at Sarjeants' Inne Gate in  
Fleet Street 1600

\* \* This edition was unknown to Gifford and all the editors,  
and has never been collated. It is not merely, as might  
be supposed, the ordinary edition of 1600 with a variation  
in the imprint, but a perfectly different impression. The  
present, and one sold by us two years ago, are the only  
copies that have occurred for sale.

50th May  
June 14.

1858

144.573

XG.3973.8

Barton Library.



Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

COPY

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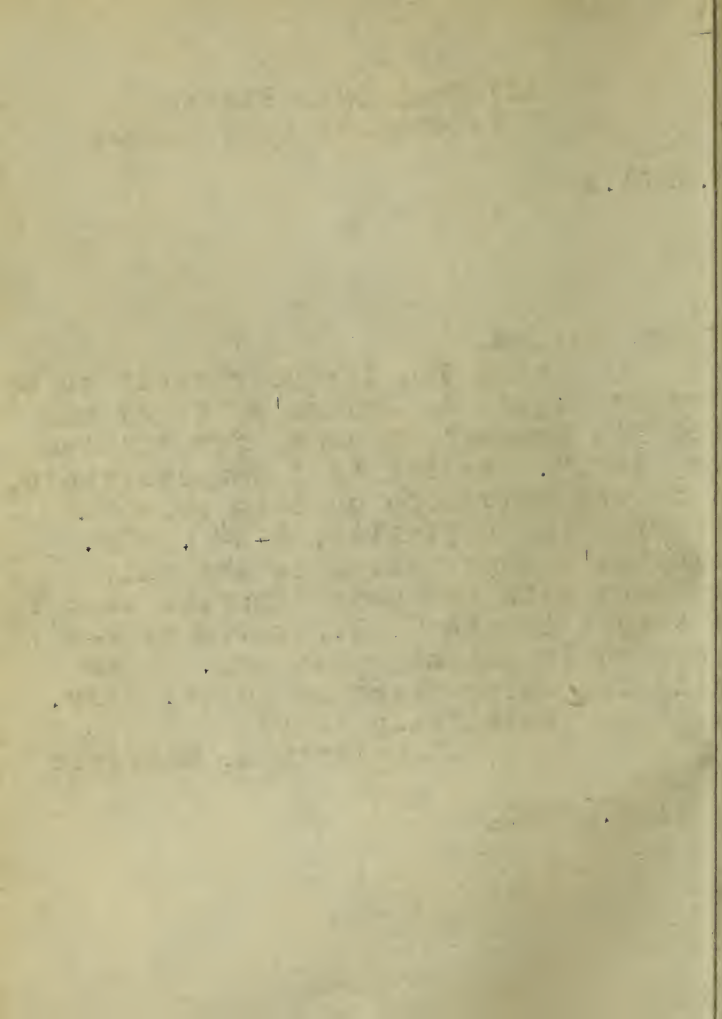
Dear Mr. Belden,

Thank you for your reply to my letter in regard to Jonson's "Every man our of his Humour", London, for William Holme, 1600". As far as I can ascertain, that is the only copy on this side the water with the collation, A-R<sup>4</sup>. Mr. Huntington's copy, which is the only other copy with the Holme imprint that I have traced in the U. S., collates A-2<sup>4</sup>, R<sup>2</sup>, evidently another printing. I am sending the information on to Dr. Grey.

Faithfully yours

Henrietta C. Bartlett

Nov. 11th.[1920.]











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*The Comical Satyre of*  
EVERY MAN  
OVT OF HIS  
HVMOR.

AS IT WAS FIRST COMPOSED  
by the AUTHOR B. I.

*Containing more than hath been Publickely Spo-  
ken or Acted.*

With the seuerall Character of euery Person.

*Non aliena meo pressi pede | \* si propius stes  
Te capient magis | \* & decies repetita placebunt.*



LONDON,

Printed for *William Holme*, and are to be sold at his Shop  
at Sarjants Inne gate in Fleetstreet.

1600.

# The names of the Actors.

x9

3973

8

ASPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind.

PUNTARVOLO	{	His Ladie.	FUNGOSO	{	Taylor.
		waiting Gent.			Haberdasher.
		Huntsman.			Shomaker.
		Seruingmen 2.			
		Dog and Cat.			

CARLO BUFFONE.

SOGLIARDO.

FASTID. BRISKE.	{	Cinedo his	SHIFT.	{	Rushci.
		Page.			A Groome.

DELIRO.	{	Fido their Seruant.	CLOVE.	{	Drawers.
					Cōstable, and
					Officers.

FALLAGE.	{	Musitians.	ORANGE.
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GREX.

CORDATUS.

MITIS.

149,573

May, 1873





### ASPER his Character.

**H**E is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproofe, without feare controuling the worlds abuses; One whome no seruile hope of Gaine, or frostie apprehension of Daunger, can make to be a Parasite, either to Time, Place, or Opinion.

### MACILENTE.

**A** Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and travail'd; who (wanting that place in the worlds account, which he thinks his merit capable of) fals into such an envious Apoplexie, with which his iudgement is so dazeled and distasted, that he growes violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.

### PUNTARVOLO.

**A** Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englisbing his trauels, and wholly consecrated to Singularity; the very Iacobs staffe of Complement: a Sir that hath liu'd to see the revolution of Time in most of his apparell. Of presence good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himself to the floutage of his own Familie. He deales vpon returns, and strange performances, resolving (in despite of publicke derision) to sticke to his own particular fashions, phrase, and gesture.

### CARLO BUFFONE.

**A** Publick scurrulous, and prophane Iester; that (more swift than Circe) with absurd Simile's will transforme any person into Deformitie. A

Good Feast-bound or Banquet-beagell, that will sent you out a supper some three mile off, and sweare to his Patrons (God dam me) he came in Oars when he was but wasted ouer in a Sculler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his Pallat, and will swill vp more Sacke at a sitting, than would make all the Guard a Posset. His Religion is railing, and his discourse Ribaldrie. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch.

#### FASTIDIUS BRISKE.

A Neat, spruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in Fashion; practiseth by his glasse how to salute; speakes good Remnants (notwithstanding the Bale-violl and Tabacco:) sweares tersely, and with varietie, cares not what Ladies fauor he belies, or great mans familiaritie: a good propertie to perfume the boot of a Coach. Hee will borrow another mans Horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or for a need on foot can post himselfe into credite with his Merchant, only with the Gingle of his Spurre, and the Ierkie of his Wand.

#### DELIRO.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the Common Counsell for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that hee simply holds himselfe vnworthie of her. And in that hood-winkt Humour, liues more like a Suter than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when hee first made loue to her. He doth sacrifice twopence in Iuniper to her euery morning before she rises, & makes her with villanous-out-of-tune Musick, which shee out of her Contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is sure to dislike.

#### FALLACE.

DEliro's Wife and Idoll, a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse as hee is officious, shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the Face to be dishonest.

#### SAVIOLINA.

A Court Ladie, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admir'd by her selfe and one more, her seruant Briske.

## SORDIDO.

**A** wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation, is reading of Almanacks; and felicitie, foule weather. One that neuer pray'd, but for a leane Dearth, and euer wept in a fat Haruest.

## FUNGOSO.

**T**He sonne of Sordido, and a student: one that has revel'd in his time, and followes the Fasbion a farre off like a Spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeuours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched father, to put him in the Courtiers Cut: at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a Sute.

## SOGLIARDO.

**A**N essentiall clowne, brother to Sordido, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. Hee comes vp euery Term to learn to take Tabacco & see new Motions. He is in his Kingdome when hee can get himselfe into companie, where hee may bee well laught at.

## SHIFT.

**A** Thredbare Sharke. One that neuer was Soldior, yet lines vpon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his Banke Poules, and his Ware-house Pict-hatch. Takes vp single Testons vpon Oths till dooms day. Fals vnder Executions of three shillings, & enters into sue groat Bonds. He way-layes the reports of seruices, and cons them without booke, damming himselfe he came new from them, when all the while hee was taking the diet in a bawdie house, or lay pawn'd in his chamber for rent and victuals. Hee is of that admirable and happie Memorie, that hee will salute one for an old acquaintance, that hee neuer saw in his life before. Hee vsurps vpon Cheats, Quarrels, & Robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His cheef exercises are taking the VVhiffe, squiring a Coca-trice, and making priue searches for Imparters.



## CLOVE and ORENCE.

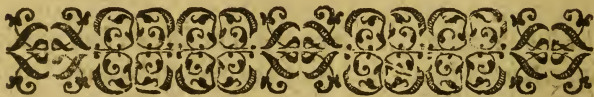
**A**N inseparable Case of Coxcombs, citie-born; The Gemini or Twins of fopperie: that like a paire of wooden Foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'll lend money, and repent when they ha' done. Their glorie is to feast Players, and make suppers. And in companie of better ranke (to auoid the suspect of insufficiencie) will enforce their Ignorance most desperately, to set vpon the vnderstanding of any thing. Orence is the more humorous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeez'd out) Cloue serues to sticke him with Commendations.

## CORDATUS.

**T**He Authors friend; A man inly acquainted with the Scope & Drift of his Plot: Of a discreet and vnderstanding Iudgement; and has the place of a Moderator.

## MITIS.

**I**S a Person of no Action, and therefore wee haue REASON to assewre him no Character.



**I**T was not neere his thoughts that hath published this, either to traduce the Authour; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar and sufficient deserts of the Actors; but rather (whereas many Censures flutter'd about it) to giue all leaue, and leisure, to iudge with Distinction.





# Euery man out of his Humor.

*Inductio, sono secundo.*

G R E X.

*Asper, Cordatus, Mitis.*

*Cord.* **N** Ay my deere *Asper*,  
*Mit.* Stay your mind,  
*Asp.* Away.

VVho is so patient of this impious world,  
That he can checke his spirit, or reine his tongue ?  
Or who hath such a dead vnfeeling sence,  
That heauens horride thunders cannot wake ?  
To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,  
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heads  
Blacke rau'nous Ruine with her saile-stretcht wings,  
Readie to sinke vs downe and couer vs.  
VVho can behold such prodigies as these,  
And haue his lips seal'd vp ? not I : my soule  
VVas neuer ground into such oyly colours,  
To flatter Vice and daube Iniquitie :  
But (with an armed, and resolued hand)  
Ile strip the ragged follies of the time  
Naked as at their birth :

*Cord.* Be not too bold,

*Asp.* You trouble me, and with a whip of Steele

Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.  
I feare no mood stamp in a private brow,  
VVhen I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publicke vice.  
I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,  
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;  
No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,  
VVere I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.  
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud  
The easie flexure of his supple hammes:  
Tut, these are so innate and popular,  
That drunken *Custom* would not shame to laugh  
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe 'hem:  
And yet, not one of these but knowes his VVorkes,  
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,  
Yet howerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,  
Puffing their soules away in per'ious aire,  
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.

*Mit.* Forbeare good *Asper*, be not like your name.

*Asp.* O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,  
And (with the words of *Hercules*) invade  
Such crimes as these; that will not smell of sinne,  
But seeme as they were made of Sanctitie;  
Religion in their garments, and their haire  
Cut shorter than their eie-browes; when the conscience  
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuours  
More wretches than the *Counters*.

*Mit.* Gentle *Asper*,  
Containe your spirit in more stricter bounds,  
And be not thus transported with the violence  
Of your strong thoughts.

*Cord.* Vnlesse your breath had power  
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,  
It is in vaine to spend it in these moods.

*Asp.* I not obseru'd this thronged round till now:  
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,  
*Apollo*, and the *Muses* feast your eies

VVith gracefull obiects; and may our *Minerva*  
 Answere your hopes, vnto their largest straine.  
 Yet here, mistake me not judicious friends:  
 I doe not this to beg your patience,  
 Or servilely to fawne on your applause,  
 Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:  
 Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,  
 VVhere I want art, or judgement, taxe me freely:  
 Let envious *Critickes* with their broadest eies  
 Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauor:  
 Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,  
 And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.  
 O how I hate the monstrousnesse of time,  
 VVhere every servile imitating spirit,  
 (Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)  
 In a meere halting furie, striues to sling  
 His vlc'rous bodie in the Thespian spring,  
 And streight leap's forth a Poet; but as lame  
 As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Cripple-gate.

*Mit.* In faith this Humor will come ill to some,  
 You will be thought to be too peremptorie.

*Asp.* This Humor? good; and why this Humour, *Mit*?  
 Nay doe not turne, but answere.

*Mit.* Answere? what?

*Asp.* I will not stirre your patience, pardon mee,  
 I urg'd it for some reasons, and the rather  
 To give these ignorant well-spoken daies  
 Some tast of their abuse of this word *Humor*.

*Cor.* O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asp*,  
 It cannot but arriue most acceptable,  
 Cheefely to such as have the happinesse  
 Daily to see how the poore innocent word  
 Is rackt, and tortur'd.

*Mit.* I; I pray you proceed.

*Asp.* Ha? what? what is't?

*Cor.* For the abuse of Humor.



*Asp.* O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.  
 Why *Humor* (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it  
 To be a qualitie of aire or water,  
 And in it selfe holds these two properties,  
 Moisture and Fluxure : As for demonstration,  
 Poure water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne,  
 Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)  
 Flowes instantly away, and leaves behind  
 A kind of dew ; and hence we doe conclude,  
 That what so'e're hath fluxure and humiditie,  
 As wanting power to containe it selfe,  
 Is *Humor* : so in euery humane bodie  
 The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,  
 By reason that they flow continually  
 In some one part, and are not continent,  
 Receiue the name of Humors. Now thus farre  
 It may by Metaphore applie it selfe  
 Vnto the generall disposition,  
 As when some one peculiar qualitie  
 Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw  
 All his affects, his spirits, and his powers  
 In their confluxions all to runne one way,  
 This may be truly said to be a Humor,  
 But that a Rooke in wearing a pied feather,  
 The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,  
 A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot  
 On his French garters, should affect a Humour,  
 O, 'tis more than most ridiculous.

*Cord.* He speakes pure truth: now if an Ideot  
 Have but an Apish or Phantasticke straine,  
 It is his Humour.

*Asp.* VVell I will scourge those apes,  
 And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirror  
 As large as is the stage whereon we act,  
 VVhere they shall see the times deformitie,  
 Anatomiz'd in every Nerve and sinew,



VVith constant courage, and contempt of feare.

*Mit.* *Asser* (I urge it as your friend) take heed,  
The daies are dangerous, full of exception,  
And men are growne impatient of reproofe.

*Asp.* Ha, ha :

You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,  
This earth, these men; and all had mou'd alike.

Do not I know the times condition ?

Yes *Mitis* ; and their soules, and who they be  
That either will or can except against me :

None but a sort of fooles, so sicke in tast,

That they contemne all Phisicke of the mind,

And like gald Camels kicke at every touch

Good men, and vertuous spirits, that loath their vices,

VVill cherish my free labours, love my lines,

And with the fervor of their shining grace,

Make my braine fruitfull to bring forth more obiects

VVorthie their serious and intentiue eies.

But why enforce I this, as fainting ? no :

If any here chance to behold himselfe,

Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,

For if he shame to have his follies knowne,

First he should shame to act' hem: my strict hand

VVas made to ceaze on vice ; and with a gripe

Crush out the Humor of such spongie soules,

As licke vp euery idle vanitie.

*Cord.* VVhy this is right *Furor Poeticus* :

Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience

VVill yet conceiue the best, or entertaine

This supposition, That a madman speakes.

*Asp.* VVhat ? are you readie there ? *Mitis* sit downe ;

And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin :

I leave you two as Censors to sit here,

Obserue what I present, and liberally

Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene,

As it shall passe the view of these Spectators,

Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin :  
 And *Mitis*, note me if in all this front,  
 You can espie a gallant of this marke,  
 VVho (to be thought one of the judicious)  
 Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,  
 Cries meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,  
 VVill shew more severall motions in his face  
 Than the new London, Rome, or Nineueh,  
 And (now and then) breakes a drie bisket jest,  
 VVhich that it may more easily be chew'd,  
 He steeps in his owne laughter.

*Cord.* VVhy? will that  
 Make it be sooner swallow'd?

*Asp.* O, assure you :  
 Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* sings :

„ *Ieiunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit*,  
 „ Meane cates are welcome still to hungrie guests.

*Cord.* 'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem *Asper*?

*Asp.* O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies,  
 Th'are more infectious than the Pestilence,  
 And therefore I would giue them pills to purge,  
 And make 'hem fit for faire societies.  
 How monstrous and detested is 't to see  
 A fellow that has neither art nor braine,  
 Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or starke asse,  
 Taking mens lines with a Tabacco face  
 In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wried looks  
 (In nature of a vice) to wrest and turne  
 The good aspect of those that shall sit neere him,  
 From what they doe behold? O tis most vile.

*Mit.* Nay *Asper*.

*Asp.* Peace *Mitis*, I doe know your thought :  
 You'le say, your audience will except at this?  
 Pish: you are too timorous, and full of doubt :  
 Then, he a patient, shall reiect all Phisicke  
 'Cause the physitian tels him you are sicke :

Or, if I say That he is vicious,  
You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond.  
Shall I be so extravagant to thinke  
That happie judgements and composed spirits  
VWill challenge me for taxing such as these?  
I am asham'd.

*Cord.* Nay, but good pardon vs:  
VVe must not beare this peremptorie faile,  
But vse our best endeavours how to please.

*Asp.* VVhy therein I commend your carefull thoughts,  
And I will mixe with you in industrie  
To please; but whom? attentive auditors,  
Such as will joine their profit with their pleasure,  
And come to feed their vnderstanding parts:  
For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,  
And speake away my spirit into aire;  
For these, Ile melt my braine into invention,  
Coine new conceits, and hang my richest words  
As polish't jewels in their bounteous eares.  
But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;  
If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:  
Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe  
VVith some familiar and by-conference,  
Ile hast them sound: now gentlemen I goe  
To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,  
VVhere (ere I doe resume my present person)  
VVe hope to make the circles of your eies  
Flow with distilled laughter: if we faile,  
VVe must impute it to this onely chance,  
,, *Art* hath an enemy cal'd *Ignorance*.

*Exit.*

*Cord.* How doe you like his spirit, *Mitis*?

*Mit.* I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.

*Cord.* VVhy, doe you suspect his merit?

*Mit.* No, but I feare this will procure him much envie.

*Cordatus.* O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if  
he



he had no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this instant.

Mit. You have seene his play *Cordatus*? pray you; how is't?

Cord. Faith sir, I must refraine to judge, onely this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus Comædia*: a worke that hath bounteouly pleased me, how it will answere the generall expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he observe all the lawes of Comedie in it?

Cord. VVhat lawes meane you?

Mit. VVhy the equall deuision of it into Acts and Scenes, according to the Terentian manner, his true number of Actors; the furnishing of the Scene with *Grex* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a daies efficiencie.

Cord. O no, these are too nice observations.

Mit. They are such as must bee received by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

Cord. Troth I can discerne no such necessitie.

Mit. No?

Cord. No, I assure you signior; if those lawes you speake of, had beene deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their present vertue and perfection, there had beene some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which wee call *Comædia*, was at first nothing but a simple and continued Satyre, sung by one only person, till *Susario* invented a second, after him *Epicarmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* devised to have foure actors, with a Prologue and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and sixt; *Eupolis* more, *Aristophanes* more than they: every man in the dignitie of his spirit and judgement, supplied something: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it chang'd since, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the rest; who have vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the propertie of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all libertie, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times wherein they wrote? I see not then but we should enjoy  
the

the same *Licentia* or free power, to illustrate and heighten our invention as they did; and not be tied to those strict and regular forms, which the nicenesse of a few (who are nothing but *Forme*) would thrust vpon vs.

*Mit.* VVell, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his Scene?

*Cor.* Mary *Insula fortunata*, Sir.

*Mit.* O, the fortunate Iland: masse hee has bound himselfe to a strict law there.

*Cor.* VVhy so?

*Mit.* He cannot lightly alter the Scene without crossing the seas.

*Cor.* He needs not, having a whole Iland to runne through, I thinke.

*Mit.* No: how comes it then, that in some one play wee see so many seas, countries, and kingdomes, past over with such admirable dexteritie?

*Cor.* O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their Auditorie. But leaving this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sower the best-setled patience in the Theatre.

*Mit.* They have answered your wish sir: they sound.

*Sound the third time.*

*ENTER PROLOGVE.*

*Cord.* O here comes the Prologue: Now sir, if you had staid a little longer, I meant to have spoke your Prologue for you, I faith.

*Pro.* Mary with all my heart sir, you shall doe it yet, and I thanke you.

*Cord.* Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

*Pro.* You could not have studied to ha' done me a greater benefit at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessitie have been out.

*Cor.* VVhy but doe you speake this seriously?



*Pro.* Seriously ! I (God's my helpe doe I) and esteeme my selfe indebted to your kindnesse for it.

*Cor.* For what ?

*Pro.* VVhy for vndertaking the Prologue for me.

*Cor.* How ? did I vndertake it for you ?

*Pro.* Did you ! I appeale to all these gentlemen whether you did or no ? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now ; but 'twill not serue.

*Cor.* Fore God but it must serue : and therefore speake your Prologue.

*Pro.* And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hisse, and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-pennie roome againe. *Exit.*

*Mit.* He has put you to it, sir.

*Cord.* Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this ? Gentlemen, good faith I can speake no Prologue, howsoeuer his weake wit has had the fortune to make this strong vse of me here before you : but I protest ;

*Enter Carlo Buffone, with a boy.*

*Carl.* Come, come, leave these fustian protestations : away, come, I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glasse, quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcom ; giue 'hem a health here : I marl'e whose wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yon'd sackbuts mouth : they might well thinke hee'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play vpon him too. *Exit boy.*

*Cord.* Hang him dull blocke.

*Carl.* O good words, good words, a well-timberd fellow, he would ha' made a good colunne and he had been thought on when the house was a building. O art thou *Enter boy with a glasse.*  
come ? well said : giue me ; boy, fill, so :  
here's a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. Gentlewomen, (I am sivorne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad Prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the verie *Elixir* and spirit of *(He drinks.)*  
wine : this is that our Poet calls Castalian liquor, whē he comes abroad

Every man out of his Humor.

abroad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good meale among Players, where hee has *Caninum appetitum*: mary at home he keepes a good Philosophicall diet, beans and butter-milke: an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, foure, five of these one after another, and looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed *Cerberus* (he do not heare me I hope) and then (when his belly is well ballact, and his braine rigg'd a little) hee sailes away withall, as though hee would worke wonders when he comes home: he has made a play here, & he calls it; *Every man out of his Humor*: Sblood and he get me out of the humor hee has put me in, Ile ner'e trust none of his tribe againe, while I liue: Gentles, all I can say for him, is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you: but there's an old rule; *No pledging your own health*: mary if any here be thirstie for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in at their eares.

*Exit.*

*Mit.* VVhat may this fellow be, *Cordatus*?

*Cord.* Faith, if the time will suffer his description, I'le giue it you: he is one, the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common jester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose companie is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none; hee will sooner loose his soule than a jest, and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerend personage whatsoeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *simile's*.

*Mit.* You paint forth a monster.

*Cord.* Hee will preferre all countries before his natiue, and thinkes he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forrein Atheisticall pollicies: but stay, obserue these, hee'le appeare himselfe anon.

*Enter Macilente, solus.*

*Mit.* O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

*Cor.* The same, sir.

# Euery man out of his Humor.

## ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Mac. Viri est, fortuna cecitatem facile ferre:*  
Tis true ; but Stoique : where (in the vast world)  
Doth that man breath, that can so much commaund  
His blood and his affection : well: I see,  
I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule ;  
For euery cordiall that my thoughts apply  
Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.  
There is no tast in this Philosophie,  
Tis like a Potion that a man should drinke,  
But turnes his stomacke with the sight of it.  
I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleeu  
That beggerie is the only happinesse ;  
Or (with a number of these patient fooles)  
To sing : *My mind to me a kingdome is,*  
VVhen the lanke hungrie belly barks for food :  
I looke into the world, and there I meet  
VVith obiects, that doe strike my blood-shot eyes|  
Into my braine : where, when I view my selfe ;  
Having before obseru'd : this man is great,  
Mightie, and fear'd : that, lou'd and highly fauour'd :  
A third, thought wise and learned : a fourth, rich,  
And therefore honour'd : a fifth, rarely featur'd :  
A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes:  
VVhen I see these (I say) and view my selfe,  
I wish my *Optique* instruments were crackt ;  
And that the engine of my griefe could cast  
Mine eye-balls like two globes of wild-fire forth,  
To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.  
Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my heart,  
And often (i' the strength of apprehension)  
Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,  
Like drops of sweat on a stiffe cake of yce.



G R E X.

Cor. { This alludes well to that of the Poet,  
*Invidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,*  
*Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.*  
 Mit. { O peace, you breake the Scene.

*Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buffone.*

S C E N A   S E C.

*Mac.* Soft, who be these?  
 I'll lay me downe a while till they be past.

G R E X.

Cor. { Signior, note this gallant I pray you.  
 Mit. { VVhat is hee?

Cor. { A tame Rooke, youle take him presently : List.

*Sog.* Nay looke you *Carlo* : this is my Humour now ; I haue  
 land and money, my friends left me well, and I will be a gentle-  
 man whatsoever it cost me.

*Car.* A most gentleman-like resolution.

*Sog.* Tut, and I take an humour of a thing once, I am like  
 your taylors needle, I go through : but, for my name Signior,  
 how think you' will it not serue for a gentlemans name, when  
 the Signior is put to it ? Ha ?

*Car.* Let me heare : how is't ?

*Sog.* Signior *Insulso Sogliardo* : me thinkes it sounds well.

*Car.* O excellent : tut and all fitted to your name, you might  
 very well stand for a gentleman : I know many *Sogliardos* gen-  
 tlemen.

*Sog.* VVhy and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

*Car.* I, and a Constable for your wit.

*Sog.* All this is my lordship you see here, and those farmes  
 you came by.

*Car.* Good steps to gentilitie too, mary : but *Sogliardo*, if you  
 affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must observe all the rare  
 qualities, humors, and complements of a gentleman.

## Euery man out of his Humor.

*Sog.* I know it signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learne, Ile assure you.

*Car.* Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke me for you sir.

*Sog.* Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke you and thinke on you.

### G R E X.

*Cord.* Is not this purely good?

*Mac.* Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull That may be seene through? wherefore should hee haue land, Houses, and lordships? O, I could eat my entrailes, And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

*Car.* First (to be an accomplisht gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time) you must giue o're housekeeping in the coun- trey, and liue altogether in the citie amongst gallants; where, at your first apparence, 'twere good you turnd foure or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparell; you may doe it without going to a Coniurer; and be sure you mixe your selfe still, with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular; studie their carriage and behauior in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you loose) ha' two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares: but aboue all, protest in your play, and affirme, *Vpon your credite*; *As you are a true gentleman* (at euery cast:) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

*Sog.* O admirable rare! hee cannot chuse but bee a gentleman, that ha's these excellent gifts: more, more, I beseech you.

*Car.* You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your Ordinarie, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speake: and when you come to Plaies, bee Humorous, looke with a good starch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the Noblemen laugh; that's a speciall grace you must obserue.



*Sog.* I warrant you, sir.

*Car.* I, and sit o'the stage, and flout ; provided, you haue a good suit.

*Sog.* O I'le haue a suit only for that sir.

*Car.* You must talke much of your kinred and allies.

*Sog.* Lies ! no Signior, I shall not need to doe so, I haue kinred i'the cittie to talke of : I haue a neece is a merchants wife ; and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* sonne, of the Innes of court.

*Car.* O but you must pretend alliance with Courtiours and great persons : and euer when you are to dine or suppe in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chaine (though it be copper it's no matter) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a noble man, or such a knight, or such a Ladie, To their worshipfull, right rare, and noble qualified friend or kinsman, *Signior Insulso Sogliardo* ; giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intend circumstances of newes, or enquire of their health, or so) one of your familiars (whome you must carrie about you still) breakes it vp (as'twere in a yeast) and reads it publikely at the table : at which, you must seeme to take as unpardonable offence as if hee had torne your mistresse colours, or breath'd vpon her picture ; and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would enforce a challenge vpon it presently.

*Sog.* Stay, I doe not like that humor of challenge, it may be accepted : but I'le tell you what's my humor now : I will do this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so ; and there such a letter as you talke of (broke open and all) shall be left : O, the Taylor will presently giue out what I am vpon the reading of it : worth twentie of your Gallants.

*Car.* But then you must put on an extreame face of discontentment at your mans negligence.

*Sog.* O, so I will, and beate him too : I'le haue a man for the purpose.

*Mac.* You may ; you haue land and crownes : O partiall Fate !

*Car.* Masse

*Car.* Masse well remembred, you must keepe your mengalant, at the first, fine pied Liueries laid with good gold lace, there's no losse in it, they may rip't off and pawn it, when they lacke victuals.

*Sog.* Byr Ladie that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

*Car.* Debt? why that's the more for your credit fir: it's an excellent pollicie to owe much in these daies, if you note it.

*Sog.* As how good Signior? I would faine be a Polititian.

*Car.* O, looke where you are indebted any great summe, your creditor observes you with no lesse regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to giue you the least cause of offence, least hee loose his money: I assure you (in these times) no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whome (if at any time) you pay but a moiety or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, than if you gaue hem a newyeares gift.

*Sog.* I perceiue you fir, I will take up, and bring my selfe in credit sure.

*Car.* Marry this; alwaies beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stirre, nor how they play fast and loose with a poore gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, these rich fellows (that ha' the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their countinghouses) they are ten times more placable, they: either feare, hope, or modestie, restraines them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you list your selfe.

*Sog.* No? how should I keepe hem then?

*Carl.* Keepe hem? Sbloud let them keepe themselves, they are no sheepe, are they? VVhat? you shall come in houses, where plate, apparrell, iewels, and diuerse other prettie commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would ha' those *Mercuries* follow me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers

fingers for nothing.

*Sog.* That's not so good me thinkes.

*Car.* VVhy after you have kept 'hem a fortnight or so, and shew'd 'hem ynough to the world, you may turne 'hem away, and keepe no more but a boy, it's ynough.

*Sog.* Nay my humor is not for boies, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any; and Ile giue coats, that's my humour: but I lacke a Cullisen.

*Car.* VVhy now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile bring you where you shall ha' your choise for money.

*Sog.* Can you sir?

*Car.* O I: you shall haue one take measure of you, and make you a Coat of armes to fit you of what fashion you will.

*Sog.* By word of mouth I thank you Signior; Ile be once a little prodigal in a Humor in faith, and haue a most prodigious Coat.

*Mac.* Torment and death, breake head and braine at once To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.

VVho can endure to see blind Fortune dote thus?

To be enamour'd on this dustie Turfe?

This clod? a herfon Puckest? O God, God, God, God, &c.

I could runne wild with greefe now to behold

The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed

Such bullrushes; these Mushrompe Gentlemen,

That shoot vp in a night to place and worship.

*Car.* Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

*Sog.* Nay I will examine him before I goe sure.

*Car.* The Lord of the soile ha's all wefts and straies here? ha's he not?

*Sog.* Yes sir.

*Car.* Faith then I pittie the poore fellow, he's falne into a fooles hands.

*Sog.* Sirah, who gaue you commission to lie in my Lordship?

*Mac.* Your Lordship?

*Sog.* How? my Lordship? doe you know me sir?

*Mac.* I doe know you sir.



*Car.* S<sup>t</sup>heart, he answeres him like an Eccho.

*Sog.* VVhy, who am I Sir?

*Mac.* One of those that fortune fauors.

*Car.* The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.

*Sog.* That fortune fauors? how meane you that friend?

*Mac.* I meane simply; That you are one that liues not by your wits.

*Sog.* By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I; I haue better meanes I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to liue by my wits. Sbloud doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?

*Mac.* Me thinkes Iester, you should not relish this well.

*Car.* Ha? does he know me?

*Mac.* Though yours be the worst vse a man can put his wit too of thousands, to prostitute it at euery Tauerne and Ordinarie; yet (me thinks) you should haue turn'd your broad side at this, and haue been readie with an Apologie, able to sinke this Hulke of Ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his Contempt.

*Car.* Sbloud 'tis *Macilente*: Signior, you are wel encountred, how is't? O we must not regard what he saies man, a Trout, a shallow foole, he ha's no more braine than a Butterflie, a meer stuf suit, he looks like a mustie Bottle, new wickerd, his head's the Corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd Signior.

*Mac.* You are? Gramercie good *Ianus*.

*Sog.* Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

*Car.* Gods pretious, come away man, what do you mean? and you knew him as I do, you'd shun him, as you'd do the plague?

*Sog.* VVhy sir?

*Car.* O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

*Sog.* Is he a Scholler or a Soldior?

*Car.* Both, both; a leane Mungrell, hee lookes as if he were chap-falne with barking at other mens good fortunes: ware how you offend him, hee carries Oile and Fire in his pen, will scald where it drops, his Spirit's like Powder, quick, violent:  
hee'le

hee'll blow a man vp with a jest : I feare him worse than a rotten VVall do's the Cannon, shake an hower after at the report : away, come not neere him.

*Sog.* For Gods sake let's be gone, and he be a Scholler, you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeuē see a Cocatrice, specially as Cocatrices goe now.

*Car.* VVhat, you'll stay signior ? this gentleman *Sogliardo* and I are to visit the knight *Puntarvolo*, and from thence to the Citie, we shall meet there.

*Exeunt Car. and Sog.*

*Mac.* I, when I cannot shun you, we will meet.

'Tis strange : of all the creatures I haue seene,

I enuie not this *Buffon*, for indeed

Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserue it ;

But I doe hate him as I hate the deuill,

Or that brasse-visag'd monster *Barbarisme*.

O, 'tis an open-throated, blacke-mouth'd curre,

That bites at all, but eates on those that feed him,

A slaue, that to your face will (Serpent-like)

Creepe on the ground, as he would eat the dust ;

And to your backe will turne the taile and sting

More deadly than a Scorpion : stay, who's this ?

Now for my soule, another minion

Of the old lady *Chance's* : I'll obserue him.

*Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.*

SCENA TER.

*Sord.* O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

*Mac.* Said I not true ? doth not his passion speake

Out of my diuination ? O my fences,

VVhy loose you not your powers, and become

Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle ?

I know him, 'tis *Sordido*, the farmer,

A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here.

*Sor.* Excelient, excellēt, excellēt, as I would wish, as I would

*Mac.* See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him, (wish.

And makes him swoone with laughter, O, O, O.



*Sord.* Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeere, Let me see, what harvest shall we haue? Iune, Iulie?

*Mac.* VVhat is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

*Sord.* The xx. xxi. xxij. daies, raine and wind, O good, good; the xxij. and xxiii. raine and some wind, good; the xxv. rain, good still; xxvj. xxvij. xxviii, wind and some raine; would it had been raine and some wind: well 'tis good (when it can bee no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine: that's not so good now. xxx. and xxxj. wind and no raine: no raine? S'lid stay; this is worse and worse; what saies he of S. *Switbins*? turne backe, looke, S. *Switbins*: no raine?

*Mac.* O here's a pretious filthy damned rogue,  
That fats himselfe with expectation  
Of rotten weather, and ynfseason'd howers;  
And he is rich for it, an elder brother;  
His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,  
His garners cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:  
A plague consume thee and thy house.

*Sord.* O here, S. *Switbins*, the xv. day, variable weather, for the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: VVhy it should raine fortie daies after now, more or lesse, it was a rule held afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two daies, no rain; ha? it makes me mase. VVeele see how the next month begins, if that be better. August: August, first, second, third, and fourth daies, rainie, and blustering; this is well now: fift, sixt, seventh, eight, and ninth, raine, with some thunder; I marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the tenth and eleventh, great store of raine; O good, good, good, good, good; the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, rain; good still: fifteenth and sixteenth, raine; good still: seuenteenth and eighteenth, raine, good still; nineteenth and twentieth, Good still, good still, good still, good still, good still; one and twentieth, some raine; some raine: well, wee must bee patient, and attend the heauens pleasure, would it were more though: the one and twentieth, two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tempest of raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good

O good againe, past expectation good :  
 I thanke my blessed angell ; neuer, neuer,  
 Laid I penny better out than this,  
 To purchase this deare booke: not deare for price,  
 And yet of me as dearely priz'd as life,  
 Since in it is contain'd the very life,  
 Bloud, strength, and sinewes of my happineffe :  
 Blest be the houre wherein I bought this booke,  
 His studies happy that compos'd the booke,  
 And the man fortunate that sold the booke :  
 Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to me  
 As I am joy'd and confident in thee.

*Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.*

*Mac.* Ha, ha, ha! I not this good? Is't not pleasing this? ha, ha!  
 Is't possible that such a spacious villaine (Gods ha!  
 Should liue and not be plagu'd? or lies he hid  
 VVithin the wrinkled bosome of the world,  
 VVhere heauen cannot see him? Sbloud (me thinkes)  
 'Tis rare and admirable, that he should breath, and walke,  
 Feed with digestion, sleepe, enjoy his health,  
 And (like a boust'rous VVhale swallowing the poore)  
 Still swimme in wealth and pleasure: is't not strange?  
 Vnlesse his house and skin were thunder-prooffe,  
 I wonder at it. Me thinkes now, the Hecticke,  
 Gout, Leprosie, or some such loth'd disease  
 Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)  
 Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice and rats  
 Eat vp his graine; or else that it might rot  
 VVithin the hoarie Reekes, e'ne as it stands :  
 Me thinkes this might be well; and after all  
 The deuill might come and fetch him : I, 'tis true.  
 Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,  
 And thou (in envie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe,  
 Peace foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,

*» Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.*

*Exit.*

*Sord.* VVho brought this same sir ha?

*Hind.* Marry sir one of the justices men, hee saies 'tis a pre-  
 cept,

cept, and all their Hands be at it:

*Sord.* I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh  
Deeper than i' their letters: They haue sent me  
Pils wrapt in paper here, that should I take 'hem,  
VVould poison all the sweetnesse of my Booke,  
And turne my Honey into Hemlocke juice:  
But I am wiser than to serue their precepts,  
Or follow their prescriptions: Here's a deuise,  
To charge me bring my Graine vnto the markets:  
I, much, when I haue neither Barne nor Garner,  
Nor Earth to hide it in, I'le bring it; but till then,  
Ech corne I send shall be as big as Paules.  
O, but (say some) the poore are like to sterue.  
VVhy let 'hem sterue, what's that to me? are Bees  
Bound to keepe life in Drones and idle Moaths? no:  
VVhy such are these (that tearme themselues the poore,  
Only because they would be pittied)  
But are indeed a sort of lazie Beggars,  
Licencious Rogues and sturdie Vagabonds,  
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plenteous yeare)  
Like snakes in heat of summer out of dung,  
And this is all that these cheape times are good for:  
VVhere as a holosome and penurious Dearth  
Purges the soile of such vile excrements,  
And kils the Vipers vp.

*Hind.* O but maister,  
Take heed they heare you not.

*Sord.* VVhy so?

*Hind.* They will exclaime against you.

*Sord.* I, their exclames

Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;  
Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home  
Can be contented to applaud my selfe,  
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh and leape,  
Knocking my head against my rooffe, with joy  
To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.

Sirah,



*Every man out of his humour*  
Sirah, goe, hie you home, and bid your fellowes  
Get all their flailies readie againe I come.

*Hind.* I will Sir.

*Exit Hind.*

*Sord.* I'll instantly set all my hinds to thrashing  
Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide  
Vnder the ground; and with the straw thereof  
I'll stuffe the outsides of my other Mowes:  
That done, I'll haue 'hem emptie all my Garners,  
And i' the friendly Earth bury my store,  
That when the Searchers come they may suppose  
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.  
And to lend more opinion to my want,  
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,  
(VVhich else would still be baying at my dore)  
Each market day, I will be scene to buy  
Part of the purest VVheat, as for my household:  
VVhere when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,  
Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,  
Promisd in this deere Booke: I haue cast all,  
Till then I will not sell an eare, I'll hang first.  
O I shall make my prizes as I list,  
My House and I can feed on Pease and Barley,  
VVhat though a world of VVretches sterue the while?  
„ He that will thrive, must thinke no courses vile.

*Exit.*

G R E X.

*Cord.* Now signior, how approue you this? haue the Humo-  
rists exprest themselues truly or no?

*Mit.* Yes (if it be wel prosecuted) 'tis hitherto happy ynough:  
but me thinks *Macilente* went hence too soone, he might haue  
been made to stay and speake somewhat in reproofe of *Sordido's*  
wretchednesse, now at the last:

*Cor.* O no, that had bin extreainly improper, besides he had cōti-  
nued the *Scene* too lōg with him as 't was, being in no more actiō.

*Mit.* You may enforce the length as a necessarie reason; but for  
propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue born it, in my judgemēt.

*Cor.* O worst of both: why you mistake his Humor vtterly thē.

*Mit.* How?



*Mit.* How do I mistake it? is't not Envie?

*Cord.* Yes, but you must vnderstand Signior, hee enuies him not as he is a villaine, a wolfe i' the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of envie, is *Dolor alienae felicitatis*, to haue our eies continually fixt vpon another mans prosperitie, that is his cheefe happinesse, and to grieue at that. VWhereas if we make his monstrous and abhord actions, our object, the greefe (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and lothing in our selues.

*Mit.* So you'le infer it had been Hate, not Envie in him, to reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

*Cord.* Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe; but no man truly reprehends in another what he loues in himselfe, therefore Reprehension is out of his Hate. And this distinction hath he himselfe made in a speech there (if you markt it) where hee saies, *I enuie not this Buffon, but I hate him.*

*Mit.* Stay fir: *I enuie not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might he not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

*Cord.* No fir, there was subject for his envie in *Sordido*; his wealth: So was there not in the other, he stood posselt of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition, that would turne Charitie it selfe into Hate, much more Envie for the present.

*Enter Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo, Fastidius Briske, Cinedo.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Mit.* You haue satisfied mee fir, O here comes the Foole and the Iester againe me thinkes.

*Cord.* Twere pitie they should be parted fir.

*Mit.* VWhat bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

*Cord.* No fir, this is one Monsieur *Fastidius Briske*, otherwise cal'd the fresh Frenchified courtier.

*Mit.* A humorist too?

*Cord.* As

*Cord.* As humorous as quickefiluer, doe but obserue him, the Scene is the countrey still, remember.

*Fast.* *Cinedo*, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word.

*Cine.* I will sir.

*Exit.*

*Fast.* How lik'st thou my boy, *Carlo*?

*Car.* O wel, wel, he looks like a colonel of the Pigmies horse, or one of these motions in a great antique clocke: hee would shew well vpon a Habberdashers stall, at a corner shop rarely.

*Fast.* S'heart, what a damn'd wittie rogue's this? how hee confounds with his *simile's*?

*Car.* Better with *simile's* than *siniles*: and whither were you riding now Signior?

*Fast.* VVho I? what a silly jest's that? whither should I ride but to the Court?

*Car.* O pardon me sir, twentie places more: your hot-house, or your ---

*Fast.* By the vertue of my soule this knight dwels in *Elixium* here.

*Carl.* Hee's gone now, I thought he would flie out presently. These be our nimble-sprighted *Catso's* that ha' there enasions at pleasure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Irish; no sooner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a squirrell, heigh; Dannee, and do tricks i' their discourse, from Fire to VVater, frō VVater to Aire, frō Aire to Earth, as if their tongues did but e'en lick the foure Elements ouer, and away.

*Fast.* Sirra *Carlo*, thou neuer saw'st my grey Hobbie yet, didst thou?

*Carl.* No: ha' you such a one?

*Fast.* The best in Europe (my good villaine) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

*Car.* But when shall I see him?

*Fast.* There was a Noble man i' the Court offered me 100 pound for him by this light: a fine little fierie slave, hee runs like a (O) excellent, excellent, with the very sound of the spur.

*Carl.* How? the sound of the spur?

*Fast.* O, it's your only humor now extant sir: a good gingle,

a good gingle.

*Carl.* Sbloud you shall see him turne morrisedancer, he ha's got him bels, a good sute, and a Hobbie-horse.

*Sog.* Signior, now you talk of a Hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

*Fast.* How is that Sir?

*Sog.* Mary sir I am telling this gentleman of a Hobby-horse, it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it

*Carl.* That should not say it) on, on.

*Sog.* He did daunce in it with as good humour and as good regard as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, being no Gentleman: I haue daunc't in it my selfe too.

*Car.* Not since the Humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

*Sog.* Yes once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doe in a Humor.

*Carl.* O very good.

GREX.

*Mit.* { VVhy this fellowes discourse were nothing but for the word Humor.

*Cord.* { O beare with him, and he should lacke matter and words too, 'twere pittifull.

*Sog.* Nay looke you Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i' the countrie has the like humors for the Hobby-horse as I haue; I haue the Methode for the threeding of the needle, the

*Carl.* How the Methode.

*Sog.* I, the Leigeritie for that, and the wigh-hic, and the daggers in the nose, and the trauels of the egge from finger to finger, all the humors incident to the qualitie. The horse hangs at home in my parlor, I'll keepe it for a monument, as long as I liue sure.

*Carl.* Doe so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Trophce to hang ouer your tombe.

*Sog.* Masse, and I'll haue a tombe (now I thinke on't) 'tis but so much charges.

*Carl.* Best



*Carl.* Best build it in your life time then, your heires may hap to forget it else.

*Sog.* Nay I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

*Carl.* No, for heirs and executors are grown damnably carelessse, specially since the ghosts of Testators left walking : how like you him Signior ?

*Fast.* 'Fore heauens his Humor arrides me exceedingly.

*Car.* Arrides you ?

*Fast.* I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the court & at my lodging with your refin'd choise spirits, that it makes me cleane of another Garbe, another straine, I know not how; I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my *Genius*.

*Sog.* Signior *Carlo*.

GREX.

*Cord.* { This is right to that of *Horace*, *Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt* : so this gallant labouring to auoid Popularitie, fals into a habit of Affectatiō ten thousand times more hatefull than the former.

*Car.* VWho hee'a gull? a foole? no salt in him i' the earth man : he lookes like a fresh Salmon kept in a tub ; hee'le bee spent shortly, his braine's lighter than his feather already, and his tongue more subject to lie, than that's to wag : he sleepest with a muske-cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in Poman-der chaines for pennance : hee ha's his skinne tan'd in ciuet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting in the sence of his sweet ladie. A good emptie Puffe, hee loues you well Signior.

*Sog.* There shall be no loue lost Sir, I'le assure you.

*Fast.* Nay *Carlo*, I am not happie i' thy loue I see, pr'y thee suffer me to enjoy thy companie a little (sweet mischeefe) by this aire, I shall envie this gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the knight arriu'd ?

*Enter Cinedo.*

*Cine.* No sir, but 'tis gest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.



*Fast.* His hounds! by *Minerva* an excellent Figure; a good boy.

*Carl.* You should giue him a French crowne for it: the boy would find two better Figures i'that, & a good Figure of your bountie beside.

*Fast.* Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

*Carl.* No crowne: speake i' the singular number, and wee'll belecue you.

*Fast.* Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now: Sirra (*Damnation*) I haue heard this knight *Puntarvolo*, reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou know'st him; pr'ythee, how is his disposition? I ne're was so fauour'd of my starres as to see him yet. Boy, doe you looke to the Hobbie?

*Cin.* I sir, the groome has set him vp.

*Fast.* 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickednesse*, his humor, his humor.

*Carl.* VVhy he loues dogges, and haukes, and his wife well: he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, he lookes like the signe of the *George*, that's all I know; saue that instead of a Dragon he will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

*Fast.* O, but this is nothing to that's deliuerd of him: they say he has dialogues, and discourses betweene his horse, himselfe, and his dogge; and that he will court his owne Ladie, as shee were a stranger neuer encounter'd before,

*Car.* I, that he will, and make fresh loue to her euerie morning: this Gentleman has been a Spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

*Sog.* I am resolute to keepe a Page: say you sir?

*Carl.* You haue seene *Signior Puntarvolo* accost his Ladie?

*Sog.* O, I sir.

*Fast.* And how is the maner of it pr'ythee good Signior?

*Sog.* Faith sir in verie good fort; he has his humors for it sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting,

or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then he speaks, and then shee speakes: very prettie I faith Gentlemen.

*Fast.* VVhy, but doe you remember no particulars, Signior?

*Sog.* O, yes sir: first, the Gentlewoman shee lookes out at the window.

*Carl.* After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

*Sog.* No sir, not before: and then saies hee; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

*Car.* VVhat saies he? be not rapt so.

*Sog.* Sayes he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

*Fast.* Nay speake, speake.

*Sog.* Ha, ha, ha, Sayes he: God saue you, ha, ha, &c.

*Car.* VVas this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion?

*Sog.* Nay that, that comes after is: ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

*Car.* Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this fellow: or else.

*Sog.* Lift, lift, they are come from hunting: *A crye of hounds stand by, close vnder this Tarras, & you shall see it done better than I can shew it.* *within.*

*Car.* So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

*Sog.* Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

*Fast.* O withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing object.

*Enter Puntarvolo, a Huntsman with a greyhound.*

*Pun.* Forrester, giue wind to thy Horne. Inough; by this the sound hath toucht the ears of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd; the Horne, and thanks.

*Carl.* I mary, there's some tast in this.

*Fast.* Is't not good?

*Sog.* Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

*The waiting Gentlewoman appears at the window.*

*Pun.* Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bountie of the window, receiu'd the forme of a Nymph. I will step forward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire

one ; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute her : 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Ladie, God saue you.

*Gent.* No forsooth : I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

*Carl.* He knew that before.

*Punt.* Pardon me : *Humanum est errare.*

*Carl.* He learn'd that of a Puritane.

*Punt.* To the perfection of Complement (which is the dyall of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are requir'd these three Projects : the *Gnomon*, the *Puntilio's*, and the *Superficies* : the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place* ; the *Puntilio's*, *Circumstance* ; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremome* : in either of which, for a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile ; and such am I.

*Carl.* True, not knowing her *Horizon*, hee must needs erre : which I feare, he knowes too well.

*Punt.* VVhat call you the Lord of the castle ? sweet Face.

*Gent.* The Lord of the castle is a knight sir ; Signior *Puntarvolo*.

*Punt.* *Puntarvolo* ? O.

*Car.* Now must he ruminare.

*Fast.* Does the wench know him all this while then ?

*Carl.* O, doe you know me man ? why therein lies the sirrup of the yeast ; it's a Project, a designment of his owne, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking or hunting, as a jigge after a Play.

*Sog.* I, e'en like your jigge sir.

*Punt.* 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice ; what yeers is the knight, faire Damsell ?

*Gent.* Faith much about your yeeres sir.

*Punt.* VVhat complexion, or what stature beares hee ?

*Gent.* Of your stature, and very nere vpon your complexion.

*Punt.* Mine is Melancholly :

*Carl.* So is the dogges, just.

*Pun.* And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. VVhat are his endowments ? Is he courteous ?

*Gent.* O the most courteous Knight vpon Gods earth sir.

*Punt.* Is he magnanimous ?



*Gent.* As the skin betweene your browes fir.

*Punt.* Is he bountifull?

*Carl.* Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good parts.

*Gent.* Bountifull? I fir I would you should know it; the poore are seru'd at his gate early and late fir.

*Punt.* Is he learned?

*Gen.* O, I fir, he can speake the French and Italian.

*Punt.* Then he is trauail'd?

*Gen.* I forsooth, he hath been beyond-sea once or twise.

*Carl.* As far as Paris, to fetch ouer a fashon and come backe againe.

*Punt.* Is he religious?

*Gent.* Religious? I know not what you call Religious, but he goes to Church I am sure.

*Fast.* S'lid me thinkes these answeres should offend him.

*Carl.* Tut no; he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacitie that speakes 'hem.

*Punt.* VVould I might see his face.

*Carl.* Shee should let downe a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in't.

*Punt.* Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the castle containe him?

*Gen.* No Sir, he is from home, but his Ladie is within.

*Punt.* His Ladie? what is shee faire? splendidious? and amiable?

*Gent.* O Iesu fir!

*Punt.* Pr'y thee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

*Exit Gent. from the window.*

*Carl.* That he may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *Gnomons*, and his *Puntilio's*.

*Fast.* Nay, thou art such another *Cinique* now, a man had need walke vprightly before thee.

*Carl.* Heart, can any man walke more vpright than hee does? Looke, looke; as if hee went in a frame, or had a sute  
of



of wanescot on: and the dogge watching him least he should leape out on't.

*Fast.* O villaine!

*Carl.* VVell, and e'er I meet him in the cittie, I'll ha' him joynted, I'll pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

*Fast.* Peace, who be these, *Carlo*?

*Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.*

*Sord.* Yonder's your godfather; do your dutie to him sonne.

*Sog.* This sir, a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman, may dispend some feuen or eight hundred a yeere: that's his sonne, my nephew there.

*Punt.* You are not ill-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue not yet said welcom: what, my god-sonne is growne a great Proficient by this?

*Sord.* I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

*Fast.* VVhat does he studie? the law?

*Sog.* I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

*Car.* VVhat call you your nephew, Signior?

*Sog.* Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

*Car.* *Fungoso*? O, hee lookt somewhat like a sponge in that pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him; I see he was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

*Gen.* My Ladie will come presently sir. *Enter Gent. about.*

*Sog.* O now, now.

*Punt.* Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

*Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage, meane time the Ladie is come to the window.*

*Fast.* VVhat? will not their preface preuaile against the current of his humor?

*Carl.* O no: it's a meere floud, a Torrent, carries all afore it.

*Punt.* What more than beauenly pulchritude is this?

What Magazine, or treasure of blisse?

Dazle, you organs to my optique sence,

To view a creature of such eminence:

O I am planet-Stroke, and in yond Sphere,  
A brighter starre than Venus doth appeare.

*Fast.* How? in verse?

*Carl.* An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

*Lady.* Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

*Carl.* He will tell you that anon; neither his Braine, nor his Bodie, are yet moulded for an answer.

*Punt.* Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as low as the Basis of your Altitude.

G R E X.

*Cord.* { Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall proportions.

*Mr.* { Is't possible there should be any such Humorist?

*Cor.* { Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

*Punt.* I haue scarce collected my spirits, but lately scatter'd in the admiration of your Ferme; to which (if the bounties of your mind be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adjacent Forrest, was by aduenture in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place; which Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchantment: the euening approaching (my selfe and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter your faire Castle, and refresh me.

*Lady.* Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with me (chiefly in the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated vertues, and faire parts which so striue to expresse themselues in you; I am resolu'd to enterteine you to the best of my vnworthie power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valew'd with what so worthy a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

*Shee departs: and Puntarvolo falls in with Sordido,  
and his sonne.*

*Punt.* Most admir'd Ladie, you astonish me.

*Car.* VVhat? with speaking a speech of your own penning?

*Fast.* Nay looke; pry thee peace.

*Carl.* Pox on't: I am impatient of such fopperie.

*Fast.* O lets heare the rest.

*Carl.* VVhat a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and Queene *Gueuener*? away : I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found this Ladie out : that (being a woman) she was blest with no more Copie of wit, but to serue his Humor thus. Sblood, I thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I : she could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

*Sog.* VVhy is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

*Carl.* O, nothing vnder heauen more prejudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call, *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare : why I'll make you an Instance : your Cittie wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles i'the world bred than they are generally; & yet you see (by the finenesse and delicacie of their Diet, diuing into the fat Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on Larkes, Sparrows, Potato pyes, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refin'd and raref'd : & sometimes a very *Quintessence* of conceit flows from 'hem, able to drowne a weake Apprehension.

*Fast.* Peace, here comes the Ladie.

*Enter Ladie with her Gent. and seeing them, turnes in againe.*

*Lady.* Gods me, here's companie : turne in againe.

*Fast.* S'light, our presence has cut off the convoy of the jest.

*Car.* All the better ; I am glad on't : for the issue was verie perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the knight.

*Carlo and the other two, Step forth to Punt.*

*Punt.* Stay : who be these that addresse themselves towards vs ? what *Carlo* ? now by the Sinceritie of my Soule, welcome ; welcome Gentlemen : and how doest thou, thou *Grand Scourge* ; or, *Second Vntrusse* of the time ?

*Carl.* Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (here and there) as the sway of my Affection carries me, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheuterei, as I doe now ; or one of Fortunes Moyles laden with treasure, and an empty Cloke-bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

*Punt.*



*Punt.* Peace you Bandogge peace : what briske *Nimsadovo* is that in the white virgin boot there ?

*Carl.* Mary sir, one, that I must entreat you take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinarie respect: Monsieur *Fastidius*.

*Punt.* Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaf abiding here, and more Reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill; and these my Orchards were those of the *Hesperide's*.

*Fast.* I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord of the Indies; and I pray you belecue it.

*Carl.* I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to thinke it will be so corrupted.

*Sog.* Come brother, I'll bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, & good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than —

*Sord.* Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance :  
Do you take heed, least : — *Carlo is comming toward them.*

*Sog.* Husht : my Brother sir, for want of education sir, somewhat nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuat sir.

*Fung.* By Iesu, it's a very fine sute of cloathes.

G R E X.

*Cor.* { Doe you obserue that, Signior ? there's another Humour has new crackt the shell.

*Mit.* { VVhat ? he is enamour'd of the Fashion, is hee ?

*Cor.* { O you forestall the jeast.

*Fun.* I mar'le what it might stand him in ?

*Sog.* Nephew ?

*Fun.* Fore God it's an excellent Sute, and as neatly becomes him. VVhat said you Vncle ?

*Sog.* VVhen saw you my Neece ?

*Fun.* Mary yesternight I supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

*Sog.* And what newes heare you ?

*Fun.* The guilt Spurre and all: would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you ?



*Sog.* Your mind is carried away with somewhat else : I aske what newes you heare ?

*Fung.* Troth wee heare none : in good faith I was neuer so pleas'd with a fashion daies of my life ; O (and I might haue but my wish) I'd aske no more of God now, but such a Suit, such a Hat, such a Band, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a Boot, and such a ---

*Sog.* They say there's a new Motion of the citie of Nineueh, with *Inas* and the *VVhale*, to be seene at Fleet-bridge : you can tell cousin ?

*Fung.* Here's such a world of question with him now : Yes, I thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture : would hee would once be satisfi'd. Let me see, the Doublet, say fiftie shillings the Doublet, & betwene three or four pound the Hose ; then Bootes, the Hat, and Band : some ten or eleuen pound would do it all, and suit me *for the heauens*.

*Sog.* I'll see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

*Fung.* Gods s'lid, and I could compasse it, 'twere rare : harke you Vncle.

*Sog.* VVhat sayes my Nephew ?

*Fung.* Faith Vncle, I'd ha' desir'd you to haue made a motion for me to my father in a thing, that ; walke aside and I'll tell you sir, no more but this : there's a parcell of Law books, (some twentie pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than halfe the money they cost ; and I thinke for some twelue pound or twentie marke, I could goe neere to redeeme 'hem : there's *Plowden*, *Diar*, *Brooke*, and *Fitz-Herbert* ; diuers such as I must haue ere long : and you know I were as good saue five or sixe pound as not, Vncle : I pray you mooue it for me.

*Sog.* That I will : when would you haue me do it ? presently ?

*Fung.* O I, I pray you good Vncle : God send me good luck ; Lord (and't be thy will) prosper it : O Iesu ; now, now, if it take (O Christ) I am made for euer.

*Fast.* Shall I tell you sir : by this aire I am the most beholding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing ; hee does vse me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed,

deed, than can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

*Punt.* Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato*?

*Fast.* As true noble a Gentleman too as any breaths; I am exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by Iesu, (I protest to you Signior, I speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but) there's he, and the Count *Frugale*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Luculento*, and a sort of 'hem; that (when I am at the Court) they doe share me amongst 'hem. Happie is he can enjoy me most priuat; I doe wish my selfe sometime an Vbiquitarie for their loue, in good faith.

*Carl.* There's ne're a one of these but might lie a weeke on the racke, ere they could bring foorth his name; and yet hee powres them out as familiarly as if hee had seene 'hem stand by the fire i'the Presence, or ta'ne Tabacco with them ouer the stage i'the Lords roome.

*Punt.* Then you must of necessitie know our Court-starre there? that Planet of wit, *Maddona Saviolina*?

*Fast.* O Lord Sir! my mistresse.

*Punt.* Is shee your mistresse?

*Fast.* Faith, here be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doe speak it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare, or so; this Fether grew in her sweet Fanne sometimes, though now it be my poore fortunes to weare it as you see sir; slight, slight; a foolish toy.

*Punt.* VVell, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and ingenious spirit.

*Fast.* Did you euer heare any woman speake like her? or enricht with a more plentifull discourse?

*Carl.* O vilanous! nothing but Sound, Sound, a meere *Eecho*; shee speaks as shee goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thinne: good enough to catch flies withall.

*Punt.* O, manage your affections.

*Fast.* VVell, if thou bee'st not plagu'd for this blasphemie one day:—

*Punt.* Come, regard not a ieafter; it is in the power of my purse to make him speake well or ill of me.

*Fast.* Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and Iudgement) shee has the most Harmonious and Muscalle straine of VVit, that euer tempted a true care; and yet to see, a rude tongue will profane Heauen.

*Punt.* I am not ignorant of it sir.

*Fast.* Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*, and shee doth giue it, that sweet, quicke grace, and exornation in the composition, that (*By this good Heauen*) she does obserue as pure a Phrase, and vse as choise Figures in her ordinarie conferences, as any be i'the *Arcadia*.

*Carl.* Or rather in *Greenes* works, whence she may steale with more securitie.

*Sord.* VVell, if ten pound will fetch 'hem, you shall haue it, but I'le part with no more.

*Fun.* I'le trie what that will doe, if you please.

*Sord.* Doe so: and when you haue 'hem, studie hard.

*Fun.* Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this will goe presently.

*Sord.* I wonder it raines not! the Almanack sayes we should haue store of raine to daie.

*Pun.* VVhy sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about a Businesse, a Project I haue: I will expose it to you sir: *Carlo* I am sure has heard of it:

*Car.* VVhat's that sir?

*Punt.* I doe entend this yeere of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (because I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my VVife, and my Dog, from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs miscarrie in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successefull, why, there will be xxv. thousand pound to entertaine time withall. Nay, go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and help to make our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull now?



*Carl.* I was thinking on your Project sir, and you call it so :  
is this the Dog goes with you ?

*Punt.* This is the Dogge sir.

*Carl.* He do'not goe bare-foot, does he ?

*Punt.* Away you traytour, away.

*Carl.* Nay afore God, I speak simply ; he may pricke his foot  
with a thorne, and be as much as the whole venter is woorth.  
Besides, for a Dog that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge jour-  
ney to *Constantinople* : I'll tell you now (and hee were mine)  
I'd haue some present conference with a Phisician, what An-  
tidotes were good to giue him, and Preseruatiues against poi-  
son : for (assure you) if once your money be out, there'll be  
diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animal*.

*Punt.* Thou art still dangerous.

*Fast.* Is Signior *Deliros* wife your kinswoman ?

*Sog.* I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter here, and  
my Nephewes sister.

*Sord.* Doe you know her sir ?

*Fast.* O God sir, Signior *Deliro* her husband is my Merchant.

*Fung.* I, I haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

*Fast.* I crie you mercie sir : let me craue your name, pray you.

*Fun.* *Fungoso* sir.

*Fast.* Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shall request to know you bet-

*Fun.* I am her brother Sir. (ter sir.

*Fast.* In faire time sir.

*Pun.* Come Gentlemen, I will be your Conduct.

*Fast.* Nay pray you sir ; we shall meet at Signior *Deliro's* often.

*Sog.* You shall ha' me at the Heralds office sir, for some week  
or so, at my first comming vp. Come *Carlo*. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

*Mit.* Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt fomwhat too long on this  
Scene ; it hung i'the hand.

*Cord.* I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and t'haue  
made the Humors palpicious enough.

*Mit.* True, as his Subject lies : but he might haue altered the  
shape of Argument, & explicated 'hem better in single Scenes.

*Cor.* That



*Cord.* That had been Single indeed: why? be they not the same persons in this, as they would haue been in those? and is it not an object of more State, to behold the *Scene* full, and relieu'd with varietie of Speakers to the end, than to see a vast emptie stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt down with a feather into the eie of the Audience?

*Mit.* Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your judgement; mary you shall giue me leaue to make objections.

*Cord.* O what else? it's the speciall intent of the Author you should do so: for thereby others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who happily would object the same you doe.

*Mit.* So sir, but when appeares *Macilente* againe?

*Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.*

*Cord.* Mary he staies but till our silence giue him leaue; here he comes, and with him Signior *Deliro* a merchant, at whose house he is come to sojourne: Make your owne obseruation now; onely transferre your thoughts to the Cittie with the *Scene*; where, suppose they speake.

### SCENA TERTIA.

*Deliro.* I'll tell you by and by sir.

Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,  
To sojourne euen for euer; if my best  
In cates, and euerie sort of good intreatie  
May moone you stay with me.

*Deliro turnes to his boy, and falls a strowing of flowers.*

*Mac.* I thanke you sir:

And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)  
Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store  
Without this word (*I thanke you*) to a foole.  
I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chaunce*)  
Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me:  
I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Blood,  
Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he:

My parts are euery way as good as his,  
If I said better? why I did not lie,  
Nath'lesse his wealth (but noddling on my wants)  
Must make me bow, and crie : *I thanke you Sir.*

*Deli.* Dispatch, take heed your mistresse see you not.

*Fido.* I warrant you sir. *Exit Fido.*

*Deli.* Nay gentle friend be merrie, raise your lookes  
Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)  
You are the man most welcome in the world.

*Mac.* *I thanke you Sir,* I know my cue I thinke.

*Enter Fido with two Censors.*

*Fido.* VVhere will you haue 'hem burne Sir?

*Deli.* Here good *Fido* :

VVhat? she did not see thee?

*Fido.* No Sir.

*Deli.* That's well :

Strew, strew, good *Fido*, the freshest flowers, so.

*Mac.* VVhat meanes this Signior *Deliro*?

*Deli.* Cast in more Frankincence, yet more, well said.

O *Macilente*, I haue such a wife,  
So passing faire, so passing faire vnkind,  
And of such worth and right to be vnkind,  
(Since no man can be worthie of her kindnesse.)

*Mac.* VVhat can there not?

*Deli.* No, that is sure as death,  
No man aliuie : I doe not say *is not*,  
But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse.  
Nay that is certaine, let me doe her Right :  
How said I? do her Right? as though I could,  
As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter  
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights  
That sit (as high as I can looke) within her.

*Mac.* This is such dotage as was neuer heard.

*Deli.* VVell, this must needs be granted.

*Maci.* Graunted quoth you?

*Deli.* Nay *Macilente*; doe not so discredit

The goodnesse of your judgement to denie it,  
For I doe speake the very least of her.  
And I would craue and beg no more of heauen  
For all my fortunes here, but to be able  
To vetter first in fit tearmes, what she is,  
And then the true ioies I conceiue in her.

*Maci.* Is't possible she should deserue so well  
As you pretend?

*Deli.* I, and she knowes so well  
Her owne deserts that (when I strue t' enjoy them)  
She waies the things I doe, with what she merits :  
And (seeing my worth outwai'd so in her graces)  
She is so solemne, so precise, so froward,  
That no obseruance I can doe to her,  
Can make her kind to me : if she find fault,  
I mend that fault, and then she saies I faulted  
That I did mend it. Now good Friend aduise me  
How I may temper this strange Splene in her.

*Mac.* You are too amorous, too obsequious,  
And make her, too assur'd she may commaund you.  
VVhen women doubt most of their husbands loues,  
They are most louing. Husbands must take heed  
They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,  
But vse them like their Horses, whom they feed  
Not with a manger-full of meat together,  
But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them so  
Still with an appetite to that they giue them.  
He that desires to haue a louing wife,  
Must bridle all the shew of that desire :  
Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,  
As if Loue wrought it, but considerate Dutie :  
,, Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,  
,, For when they come vnsought, they seldome like them.

*Deli.* Belecue me *Macilente*, this is Gospell.  
O that a man were his owne man so much,  
To rule himselfe thus; I will strine i' faith



To be more strange and carelesse: yet I hope  
 I haue now taken such a perfect course,  
 To make her kind to me, and liue contented,  
 That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,  
 And haue no need to fight with my affections.  
 She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome  
 VVithin my house; One was too big (she said)  
 Another was not furnisht to her mind,  
 And so through all: All which I haue alter'd.  
 Then here she hath a place (on my backside)  
 VVherein shee loues to walke; and that (shee said)  
 Had some ill smells about it. Now this walke  
 Haue I (before she knowes it) thus perfum'd  
 VVith herbes and flowers, and laid in diuerse places  
 (As 'twere on Altars consecrate to her)  
 Perfum'd Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,  
 To keepe the aire in awe of her sweet nostrils:  
 This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.  
 Behold she comes.

*Enter Fallace.*

*Fall.* Here's a sweet stinke indeed:  
 VVhat, shall I euer be thus crost and plagu'd?  
 And sicke of Husband? O my head doth ake  
 As it would cleaue asunder with these sauors,  
 All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore VValke  
 That I delighted in, and that is made  
 So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd  
 (My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the Plague.

*Deli.* VVhy (gentle wife) is now thy VValke too sweet?  
 Thou said'st of late it had sower aires about it,  
 And found't much fault, that I did not correct it.

*Fal.* VVhy, and I did find fault Sir?

*Deli.* Nay deere wife;  
 I know thou hast said thou hast lou'd perfumes,  
 No woman better.



*Fall.* I, long since perhaps,  
But now that Sence is alterd : you would haue me  
(Like to a puddle or a standing poole)  
To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.  
No, I am like a pure and sprightly Riuer,  
That moues for euer, and yet still the same ;  
Or fire that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.

*Deli.* But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden  
Smelling on Roses and on purple flowers,  
And since I hope the Humor of thy Sence  
Is nothing chang'd.

*Fall.* VVhy those were growing flowers,  
And these within my walke are cut and strew'd.

*Deli.* But yet they haue one sent.

*Fall.* I, haue they so ?  
In your grosse judgement: if you make no difference  
Betwixt the sent of growing flowers and cut ones,  
You haue a sence to tast Lampe-oyle, yfaith.  
And with such judgement haue you chang'd the chambers,  
Leauing no roome that I can joy to be in  
In all your house : and now my VValke and all  
You smoke me from, as if I were a Foxe,  
And long belike to drine me quite away :  
VVell walke you there, and I'll walke where I list.

*Deli.* VVhat shall I doe ? oh I shall neuer please her.

*Mac.* Out on thee dotard, what starre rul'd his birth ?  
That brought him such a Starre ? blind Fortune still  
Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them :  
How long shall I liue, ere I be so happie,  
To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme ?  
Away with 'hem, would I had broke a joint,  
VVhen I deuiz'd this that should so dislike her,  
Away, beare all away.

*Fido beares all away.*

*Fall.* I doe : for feare  
Ought that is there should like her. O this man  
How cunningly he can conceale himselfe,

Every man out of his Humour.

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd?

*Del.* VVhy, my sweet heart?

*Fall.* Sweet heart? oh, better still:

And asking, why? wherefore? and looking strangely,

As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you'r simple, you: you cannot change,

Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with VVonder:

No, no, not you: I did but cast an amorous eye e'en now

Vpon a paire of Gloues that somwhat likt me,

And straight he noted it, and gaue commaund

All should be ta'ne away.

*Del.* Be they my bane then:

VVhat sirra, *Fido*, bring in those Gloues againe

*Enter Fido.*

You tooke from hence.

*Fall.* S'body sirra, but do not:

Bring in no Gloues to spite me: if you doe ---

*Del.* Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstru'd?

*Mac.* O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye,  
To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?

VVhat mou'd the heauens, that they could not make

Me such a woman? but a man; a Beast,

That hath no blisse like to others. VVould to God

(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd

To some faire water-Nymph, that set vpon

The deepest whirlpit of the rau'nous Seas,

My Adamantine eyes might headlong hale

This Iron world to me, and drowne it all.

*Enter Fungoso in Briskesfute.*

G R E X.

*Cord.* } Behold, behold, the translated Gallant.

*Mit.* } O, he is welcome.

*Fung.* God saue you Brother, and Sister, God saue you sir;  
I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: (I wonder  
they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Vncle *Sogliardo*  
is in towne; Sister, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are  
you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for Master *Fastidius Briske*

(Sister) did you not?

*Fall.* VVhy should I take you for him?

*Fung.* Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his companie, and me thinkes we are very like.

*Deli.* You haue a faire suit Brother, God giue you joy on't.

*Fung.* Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

*Fall.* O, now I see the cause of his idle demaund was his new suit.

*Deli.* Pray you good Brother; trie if you can chāge her mood.

*Fung.* I warrant you, let mee alone. I'le put her out of her dumpes. Sister, how like you my suit?

*Fall.* O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

*Fung.* Faith, how like you the fashion? it's the last Edition I assure you.

*Fall.* I cannot but like it to the desert.

*Fung.* Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' left my gowne in gage for 'hem, pray you lend me an angell.

*Fall.* Now beshrow my heart then.

*Fung.* Good truth I'le pay you againe at my next exhibition: I had but bare tenne pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

*Fall.* I care not.

*Fung.* I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Ginglers. Monsieur *Fastidius* will be here anone Sister.

*Fall.* You jest?

*Fung.* Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'd be loth to say, in truth.

*Fall.* VVhen did you see him?

*Fung.* Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntarvolo's*: nay sweet Sister.

*Mac.* I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole Should weare a suit of Sattin? he? that Rooke?

That painted Iay with such a deale of outside?

VVhat is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Good Heauen giue me patience,



Every man out of his wits.  
A number of these Popenjays there are,  
VVhom if a man conferre, and but examine  
Their inward merit, with such men as want;  
Lord, Lord, what things they are!

*Fall.* Come, when will you pay me againe now?

*Fung.* O God Sister.

*Enter Fastidius Briske in a new suit.*

*Mac.* Here comes another.

*Fast.* Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how do'st thou sweet Ladie?  
Let me kisse thee.

*Fung.* How's a new sute? Ay mee.

*Del.* And how do's Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

*Fast.* Faith liue in court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thanke  
God, both of the noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake  
with you in priuate by and by.

*Del.* VVhen you please Sir.

*Fall.* VVhy looke you so pale brother?

*Fung.* S'lid all this money is cast away now.

*Mac.* Is ther's a newer Edition come forth.

*Fung.* Tis but my hard fortune: wel, I'le haue my sute chāg'd,  
I'le goe fetch my tailor presently, but first I'le deuise a letter to  
my father. Ha' you any pen and inke Sister?

*Fall.* VVhat would you doe withall?

*Fung.* I would vse it. S'ligh and it had come but foure daies  
sooner the Fashion.

*Exit.*

*Fast.* There was a Countesse gaue mee her hand to kisse to  
day i' the presence: 'did me more good by Iesu, then, and ye-  
sternight sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreat me ac-  
companie her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three  
namelesse Ladies more: O, I haue been grac't by 'hem beyond  
all aime of affection: this' her garter my dagger hangs in: and  
they doe so commend and approue my apparell, with my ju-  
dicious wearing of it, it's aboue wonder.

*Fall.* Indeed Sir, 'tis a most excellent suit, and you doe weare  
it as extraordinarie.

*Fast.* VVhy



*Fast.* VVhy I'le tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chaire, which (by the grace of God) I intend presently to sit in, I had three Sutes in one yeere, made three great Ladies in loue with me : I had other three, vndid three Gentlemen in imitation : & other three, gat three other Gentlemen, VVidowes of three thousand pound a yeere.

*Del.* Is't possible ?

*Fast.* O beleene it sir ; your good Face is the VVitch, & your Apparell the Spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their Circle.

*Fall.* Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier !

*Mac.* VVell, would my father had left me but a good Face for my portion yet ; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate VVit that goes with it, I had not car'd : I might haue past for somewhat i'the world then.

*Fast.* VVhy, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange vertues : it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an excellent VVit : he that enjoyes it with meanes, puts the world in remembrance of his meanes : it helps the deformities of Nature, and giues Lustre to her beauties ; makes continuall Holiday where it shines ; sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that otherwise would be idle : furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie ; takes possession of your Stage at your new Play ; and enricheth your Oares, as scorning to go with your Scull.

*Mac.* Pray you sir, adde this ; it giues Respect to your fooles, makes many Theeues, as many Strumpets, and no fewer Bankrupts.

*Fall.* Out, out, vnworthy to speake where he breatheth.

*Fast.* VVhat's he, Signior ?

*Del.* A friend of mine, sir.

*Fast.* By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kind of Creatures you are ?

*Del.* VVhy sir ?

*Fast.* That you can consort your selues with such poore seame-rent fellows.

*Fall.* He sayes true.

*Del.* Sir,

*Del.* Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) hee's a man worthie of regard.

*Fast.* VVhy? what ha's he in him of such vertue to bee regarded? ha?

*Del.* Marry he is a Scholler Sir.

*Fast.* Nothing else?

*Del.* And he is well trauail'd.

*Fast.* He should get him cloths; I would cherish those good parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of good place.

*Del.* Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answere my praise.

*Fast.* VVhy, and he had good cloths, I'd carrie him to the Court with me to morrow.

*Del.* Hee shall not want for those Sir, if Gold and the whole Cittie will furnish him.

*Fast.* You say well Sir: faith Signior *Deliro*, I am come to haue you play the *Alchymist* with me, and chaunge the *Species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

*Del.* VVith all my heart Sir, what summe will serue you?

*Fast.* Faith some three or fourescore pound.

*Del.* Troth Sir I haue promist to meet a Gentleman this morning in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'll dispatch you.

*Fast.* I'll accompanie you thither.

*Del.* As you please Sir; but I goe not thither directly.

*Fast.* 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designement in hand, and therefore as good goe along.

*Del.* I were as good haue a *Quartane* feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're bee rid of him: (bring me a Cloke there one) Still vpon his grace at the Court am I sure to be visited; I was a beast to giue him any hope. VVel, would I were in that I am out with him once, and. — Come Signior *Macilente*, I must conferre with you as wee goe. Nay deere wife, I beseech thee for sake these moods: looke not like winter thus. Here take my keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

thee, choose any object that delights thee : If thou wilt eate the spirit of Gold, and drinke dissolu'd Pearle in wine, 'tis for thee.

*Fall.* So Sir.

*Del.* Nay my sweet wife.

*Fall.* Good Lord ! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all : pray you leaue vs.

*Del.* Come Gentlemen.

*Fall.* Adiew, sweet Ladie.

*Exeunt all but Fallace.*

*Fall.* I, I, Let thy words euer sound in mine eares, and thy Graces disperse contentment through all my senses : O, how happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enjoyes so absolute a Gentleman to her Seruant ! A Countesse giue him her hand to kisse ! ah foolish Countesse ; hee's a man worthie (if a woman may speake of a mans worth) to kisse the lips of an Empreffe.

*Enter Fungoso, with his Taylor.*

*Fun.* VVhat's Master *Fastidius* gone, Sister ?

*Fall.* I brother : he has a Face like a *Cherubin*.

*Fun.* Gods me, what lucke's this ? I haue fetcht my Taylor and all : which way went he Sister ? can you tell ?

*Fall.* Not I, in good faith : and hee has a Bodie like an Angell.

*Fun.* How long is't since he went ?

*Fall.* VVhy but e'en now : did you not meet him ? and a Tongue able to rauish any woman i'the earth.

*Fun.* O, for Gods sake (I'll please you for your paines :) but e'en now, say you ? Come good sir : S'lid I had forgot it too : Sister, if any body aske for mine Vncle *Sogliardo*, they shall ha' him at the *Heralds Office* yonder by *Paules*.

*Exit, with his Taylor.*

*Fall.* VVell, I will not altogether despaire : I haue heard of a Cittizens wife has been belou'd of a Courtier ; and why not I ? heigh ho : well, I will into my priuat Chamber, locke the dore to me, and thinke ouer all his good parts one after another.

*Exit.*



G R E X.

Mit. VVell, I doubt this last *Scene* will endure some grievous Torture. ction?

*Cord.* How? you feare'twill be rackt by some hard Constru-

*Mit.* Doe not you?

*Cord.* No in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes could light mee beyond *Sence*, I see no reason why this should be more Liable to the Racke than the rest: you'll say perhaps the Citty will not take it wel, that the Merchant is made here to dote so perfectly vpon his wife; and shee againe, to be so *Fastidiously* affected, as she is?

*Mit.* You haue vtter'd my thought sir, indeed.

*Cord.* VVhy (by that proportion) the Court might as well take offence at him we call the Courtier, and with much more Pretext, by how much the place transcends and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that any Noble or true spirit in the Court (whose Sinewie, and altogether unaffected graces, very worthily expresse him a Courtier) will make any exception at the opening of such an emptie Trunk as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth impeacht by beholding his motley inside?

*Mit.* No Sir, I doe not.

*Cord.* No more, assure you, will any graue wise Cittizen, or modest Matron, take the object of this Follie in *Deliro* and his VVife; but rather apply it as the foile to their owne vertues: For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, should meane all Emperours: or speaking of *Machiavell*, comprehend all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmers; and so of the rest: than which, nothing can bee vtter'd more malicious and absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd Decipherers, I confesse, that will extort straunge and abstruse meanings out of any Subject, bee it neuer so Conspicuous and Innocently deliuerd. But to such (where e're they sit concealed) let them know, the Authour defies them, and their writing-Tables; and hopes, no sound or safe judgement will infect it selfe with their contagious Comments, who

Euery man out of his Humor.

(indeed) come here only to pervert and poyson the sence of what they heare, and for nought else.

*Mit.* Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walkes so suspiciously?

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Cavalier Shift, with two Siquisses in his hand.*

*Cord.* O, marry this is one, for whose better Illustration; we must desire you to presuppose the Stage, the middle Ile in *Paules*; and that, the VVest end of it.

*Mit.* So Sir: and what followes?

*Cord.* Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vn-clasping.

*Mit.* As how? what name doe you giue him first?

*Cord.* Hee hath shift of names Sir: some call him *Apple Iohn*, some Signior *Whiffe*, marry his maine standing name is *Cavalier Shift*: the rest are but as cleane shirts to his *Natures*.

*Mit.* And what makes he in *Paules* now?

*Cord.* Troth as you see, for the aduancement of a *Siquis* or two; wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of them take, he may hul vp and down i<sup>n</sup> the Humorous world a litle longer:

*Mit.* It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

*Cord.* O, as the wind Sir: here comes more.

*Enter Oreng.*

*Shift.* This is rare, I haue set vp my bills without discouerie.

*Oren.* VVhat? Signior *Whiffe*? what fortune has brought you into these VVest parts?

*Shift.* Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue ben taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by here with a gentleman, and I am come to spit priuate in *Paules*. God saue you Sir.

*Oren.* Adieu good Signior *Whiffe*.

*Enter Cloue.*

*Cloue.* Maister *Apple Iohn*? you are well met: when shall wee sup together, and laugh and be fat with those good wenches? ha?

*Shift.* Faith Sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a few Humours and occasions: but when you please Sir.

*Exit.*

*Cloue.* Fare-

*Cloue.* Farewell sweet *Apple John* : I wonder there are no more store of Gallants here ?

G R E X.

*Mit.* VVhat be these two, Signior ?

*Cor.* { Mary a couple sir, that are meere straungers to the whole scope of our Play ; only come to walke a turne or two i' this Scene of *Paules* by chaunce.

*They walke together.*

*Oren.* Saue you, good Master *Cloue*.

*Cloue.* Sweet Master *Orenge*.

G R E X.

*Mit.* How ? *Cloue*, and *Orenge* ?

*Cor.* I, & they are well met, for 'tis as dry an *Orenge* as euer Grew : nothing but *Salutation*, and O God sir, and It pleases you to say so Sir ; one that can laugh at a jest for cōpanie with a most plausible, and extemporall grace ; and some houre after in priuate aske you what it was : the other, Monsieur *Cloue*, is a more spic't youth : he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, in a book-sellers shop, reading the Greeke, Italian, and Spanish ; when hee vnderstands not a word of either : if hee had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent Linguist.

*Cloue.* Doe you heare this reported for certeintie ?

*Orenge.* O good sir.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Carlo : two seruing men following, one leading the Dogge.*

*Punt.* Sirrah, take my Cloake : and you sir knaue, follow me closer : if thou loofest my Dogge, thou shalt die a Dogges death ; I will hang thee.

*Carl.* Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, hee loues a Dogge well I warrant him ; I see by his looks, I : masse hee's somewhat like him. Sblood poyson him, make him away with a crooked pinne, or somewhat man ; thou maist haue more securitie of thy life : and so Sir, what ? you ha' not put out your whole venter yet ? ha' you ?

*Punt.* No, I doe want yet some fiftene or sixteene hundred pounds :



Every man out of his Humor.

pounds: but my Ladie (my wife) is out of her Humor; she does not now goe.

*Carl.* No? how then?

*Punt.* Mary, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

*Carl.* Your Cat? where is shee?

*Punt.* My Squire has her there in the Bag: Sirrah, looke to her: How lik'it thou my change, *Carlo*?

*Car.* Oh, for the better sir; your Cat has nine liues, & your wife ha' but one.

*Punt.* Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue me so much in Conserues: when saw you Signior *Sogliardo*?

*Car.* I came from him but now, hee is at the Heralds Office yonder: hee requested me to goe afore and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his Cognisance was readie.

*Punt.* VVhat? has he purchast armes then?

*Car.* I, and rare ones too: of as many Colours, as e're you saw any fooles coat in your life. I'll go look among yond' Bills, and I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

*Punt.* VVith Legs to his Arms! Good: I will go with you sir.

*They goe to looke vpon the Bills.*

*Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.*

*Fast.* Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum*: I assure you sir I am not the least respected among Ladies; but let that passe: doe you know how to goe into the Presence Sir?

*Mac.* VVhy, on my feet sir.

*Fast.* No, on your head sir: for 'tis that must beare you out, I assure you: as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predominant or Fore-top; because (when you come at the Presence dore) you may with once or twice stroking vp your Forehead thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp stiffe.

*Mac.* As if one were frighted?

*Fast.* I sir.

*Mac.* VVhich indeed, a true feare of your Mistresse should doe,

doe, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not so Sir?

*Fast.* An Ingenious obseruation: giue mee leaue to craue your name sir.

*Del.* His name is *Macilente* sir.

*Fast.* Good Signior *Macilente*: if this Gentleman, Signior *Delio*, furnish you (as he saies he will) with clothes, I will bring you to morrow by this time into the Presence of the most Diuine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent Rhetorique, and Dumb Eloquence speaking in her eye; but when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anatomie of VVit, so Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest Modell of pleasure that euer was, to behold. Oh, shee strikes the world into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse 'hem beleeue me.

*Mac.* O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

*Punt.* Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read 'hem againe: If there be any Ladie, or Gentlewoman of good carriage, that is desirous to entertaine (to her priuat vses) a young, straight, and vpright Gentleman, of the age of fīue, or sixe and twentic at the most: who can scrue in the nature of a Gentleman Vsher, and bath little legges of purpose, and a blacke Satten Sute of his owne to goe before her in: which Sute (for the more sweetning) now lyes in *Lanander*: and can hide his face with her Fanne, if need require: or sit in the cold at the stayre foot for her as well as an other Gentleman: Let her subscribe her Name and Place, and diligent respect shall bee giuen. This is about measure excellent: ha?

*Carl.* No this, this: here's a fine flaue.

*Punt.* If this Cittie, or the Sub-urbs of the same, doe affoord any yong Gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or lesse, whose friends are but lately deceased, & whose lands are but new come to his hands, that (to bee as exactly qualified as the best of our Ordinarie Gallants are) is affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike vse of Tobacco: as first, to giue it the most exquisite Perfume: then, to know all the delicate sweet Formes for the Assumption of it: as also the rare Corollarie and practise of the Cuban Ebolition, *EVRI PVS*, and Whiffe; which hee shall

shall receive or take in here at London, and evaporate at Vxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such Generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specify the place, or Ordinarie where he uses to eat and Lie, and most sweete attendance with Tabacco, and Pipes of the best sort shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR, why this is without Paralell, this!

Carlo. VVell, I'll marke this fellow for Sogliardo's use presently.

Punt. Or rather, Sogliardo for his use.

Carlo. Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good Properties: I'll designe the other a place too, that we may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be Spectators with you Carlo. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior Sogliardo! God saue you.

Enter Sog.

Sog. Saue you good sir Puntarvolo; your Dogge's in health sir I see: how now Carlo?

Carl. VVe haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither Signior.

They shew him the Bills.

Cloue. Monsieur Orenge, yond' Gallants obserues vs; pr'y thee let's talke Fustian a little and gull 'hem: make 'hem beleue we are great Schollers.

Oreng. O Lord sir.

Cloue. Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent habit in discourse.

Oreng. It pleases you to say so sir.

Cloue. By this Church you ha' la: nay come, begin: Aristotle in his Dæmonologia approoues Scaliger for the best Navigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, hee reports him to be Hæautontimorænos: you vnderstand the Greeke sir?

Oreng. O God sir.

Mac. For societies sake hee does. O here be a couple of fine tame Parrats.

Cloue. Now



*Cloue.* Now Sir, VWhereas the *Ingeniitie* of the time, and the foules *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch of *Esquiline*, and the *Inter-vallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclipticke* line being *Opticke*, and not *Mentall*, but by the *contemplatiue* and *Theoricke* part thereof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable* circumference, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectuall* or *mincing* capreall, (according to the *Metaphisickes*) as you may read in *Plato's Histrionastix*. You conceiue me Sir?

*Oren.* O Lord Sir.

*Clouc.* Then comming to the pretie *Animall*, as *Reason* long since is fled to *Animals* you know, or indeed for the more *modellizing* or *enamelling*, or rather *diamondizing* of your *subject*, you shall perceiue the *Hypothesis* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had their *Initiall* *inceptions* and *Notions*) to be meerey *Pithagorickall*, *Mathematicall*, and *Aristocraticall*: for looke you Sir, there is euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let us turne to our former discourse, for they marke vs not.

*Fasl.* Masse, yonder's the knight *Punt ar volo*.

*Deli.* And my cousin *Sogliardo* me thinkes.

*Mac.* I, and his familiar that haunts him, the *Deuill* with a shining face.

*Deli.* Let 'hem alone, obserue 'hem not.

*Sogliardo, Punt. Car. walke.*

*Sog.* Nay I will haue him, I am resolute for that, by this *Parchment* *Gentlemen*, I haue ben so toil'd among the *Harrots* yonder, you will not belecue, they doe speake i'the *straungest* language, and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew.

*Carl.* But ha' you armes? ha' your armes?

*Sog.* Yfaith, I thanke God I can write my selfe *Gentleman* now, here's my *Pattent*, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

*Punt.* A very faire Coat, well charg'd and full of *Armorie*.

*Sog.* Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue seene a Coat haue, how like you the *Crest* Sir?

*Punt.* I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

*Sog.* Marry Sir, it is your *Bore* without a head *Rampant*.

Every man out of his Humour.

*Punt.* A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

*Carl.* I, and Rampant too: troth I commend the Herald's wit, he has deciphered him well: A Swine without a head, without braine, wit, any thing indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the rest signior? can you not?

*Sog.* O I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

*Carl.* Let's heare, Let's heare.

*Punt.* It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous Escutcheon that euer this eye survis'd. Saue you good Mounsieur *Fastidius*.

*They salute as they meet*

*Carl.* Silence good knight: on, on. *in the walke.*

*Sog.* GYRONY of eight peeces, AZVRE and GVLES, between three plates a CHEV'RON engrailed checkey, OR, VERT and ERMINES; on a cheefe ARGENT between two ANN'LETS, fables a Bores head PROPER.

*Carl.* How's that? on a cheefe ARGENT?

*Sog.* On a cheefe ARGENT, a Bores head PROPER betweene two ANN'LETS fables.

*Carl.* S'lud, it's a Hogs Cheeke and Puddings in a Peuter field this.

*Sog.* How like you them signior?

*Punt.* Let the word be, Not without mustard, your Crest is very rare sir.

*Here they Shift, Fast mixes with Punt. Carl. and Sogli. Deliro and Macilente, Cloue and Orange, foure couple.*

*Carl.* A frying pan to the Crest had had no fellow.

*Fast.* Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little Signior, I will salute the knight.

*Carl.* Come, lap't vp, lap't vp.

*Fast.* You are right wel encoûtred sir, how do's your fair Dog?

*Punt.* In reasonable state sir, what Cittizen is that you were conformed with? a merchant of any worth?

*Fast.* 'Tis Signior *Deliro* sir.

*Punt.* Is it he? Saue you sir.

*{ Salute.*

*Del.* Good sir *Punt. ar volo.*

*Mac.* O what Copie of foole would this place minister to one endew'd with Patience to obserue it?

*Carl.* Nay

*Car.* Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habite to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer discourse vnder a Nobleman, though you ne're saw him but riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no man, Speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish 'hem hangd vpon the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publickeiy, whose heart you would eat in priuat. These be principles, think on 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently.

*Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast.* (ruffe.

*Pun.* Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my  
*Sog.* O good cousin, I am a little busie, how do's my neece, I am to walk with a knight here. *Enter Fung. with his Tailor.*

*Fung.* O he is here, look you sir, that's the Gentleman.

*Tail.* VVhat he i'the blush-colour'd Sattin?

*Fun.* I, he sir, though his Sute blush, he blushes not: look you, that's the Sute sir: I would haue mine, such a Sute without difference, such Stuffle, such a VVing, such a Sleeue, such a Skirt, Belly & all; therfore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a pair of Tables?

*Fast.* VVhy do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical: why true, I know it, & I pursue my Humor stil in cōtempt of this censorious age: S'light & a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale iudgemēts about this town wil approue in him, he were a sweet Ass, Il'd beg him yfaith: I ne're knew any more find fault with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselves into't: For mine owne part, so I please mine own appetite, I am carelesse what the fustie VVorld speakes of me, puh:

*Fung.* Doe you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

*Tail.* I warrant you sir.

*Fung.* For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

*Tail.* Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch sir.

*Fun.* Pray God it do not, you'le make these linings serue? & helpe me to a Chapman for the outside, will you?

*Tail.* I'le doe my best sir: you'le put it off presently?



Euery man out of his Humor.

*Fung.* I, goe with me to my chamber you shall haue it, but make hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'll sit i' my old sute, or else lie a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

*Exit with tailor.*

*Enter Car.*

*Carl.* O, if euer you were stricke with a jest, gallants, now, now. I doe vsheer the most strange peece of Militarie Professi-on, that euer was discover'd in *Insula Paulina*.

*Fast.* VVhere? where?

*Punt.* VVhat is he for a Creature?

*Car.* A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the rarest *Superficies* of a Humor; hee comes euery morning to emptie his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some fiae or six *Hecatomb's* of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walk, walke, be not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent sport.

*Enter Shift:*

*Walkes by, and vses action to his Rapier.*

*Punt.* S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought hee would haue blowne vp the church.

*Carl.* O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere he depart.

*Fast.* See now he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke, Looke.

*Carl.* Did you euer in your daies obserue better passion ouer a hilt?

*Punt.* Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impossible.

*Carl.* See, again, he claps his sword o'the head, as who should say, VVell, goe to.

*Fast.* O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, being so prouokt.

*Carl.* With that, the moodie Squire thumpt his brest,

*And rear'd his eyen to Heauen for Reuenge.*

*Sog.* Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Let's make 'hem friends, and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

*Car.* Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter,

ter, for this Rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on,  
and the good Gentleman would happily be rid of him.

*Fast.* By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'll aske him.

*Mac.* O here's rich stuffe, for Christ sake, let vs goe,  
A man would wish himselfe a sencelesse pillar,  
Rather than view these monstrous prodigies :

*Nil habet in scelix Paupertas diuinus in se,*

*Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit.*

*Exit, with Deliro.*

*Fast.* Signior.

*Shift.* At your seruice.

*Fast.* Will you sell your Rapier ?

*Carl.* Sbloud he is turn'd wild vpon the question; hee looks  
as he had seene a Serjeant.

*Shift.* Sell my Rapier? now God blesse me.

*Punt.* Amen.

*Shift.* You ask't me, if I would sell my Rapier Sir?

*Fast.* I did indeed.

*Shift.* Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

*Punt.* Amen I say still.

*Shift.* S'lud Sir, what should you behold in my face Sir, that  
should moue you (as they say Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would sell  
my Rapier?

*Fast.* Nay (let me pray you Sir) bee not mou'd : I protest I  
would rather haue been silent than any way offenseue, had I  
knowne your nature.

*Shift.* Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part)  
as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to  
injure any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but : sell  
my Rapier? I will tell you Sir, I haue seru'd with this foolish Ra-  
pier, where some of vs dare not appeare in hast, I name no man:  
but let that passe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This  
Rapier Sir, has trauail'd by my side Sir, the best part of Fraunce  
and the low Countrey : I haue seene *Vlisbing*, *Brill*, and the  
*Haghe* with this Rapier sir, in my Lord of *Leyslers* time : and (by  
Gods will) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would. --  
Looke you sir, you presume to bee a Gentleman of good sort,

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any disposition to trauell, for the sight of seruice or so, One, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commaunders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do you all the good offices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your — Please you to shew the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groates or halfe a Crowne to our vse, till our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and we shall thinke our selfe. — Sbloud, sell my Rapier ?

*Sog.* I pray you what said he Signior, hee's a proper man.

*Fast.* Mary hee tells me, If I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his vse or so.

*Punt.* Breake his head, and giue it him.

*Carl.* I thought he had been playing on the Iewes Trump I.

*Shift.* My Rapier ? no Sir : my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reuenew, my Honour : (if you cannot impart bee secret I beseech you) and I will maintaine it, where there is a graine of dust or a drop of water : (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem :) Sell my Rapier ? no my Deare, I will not be diuorc't from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as Steele : and (you cannot impart Sir) God saue you Gentlemen : (neuerthelesse if you haue a fancie to it sir.)

*Fast.* Pr'y thee away : is Signior *Deliro* departed ?

*Car.* Ha' you seene a Pimpe out-face his owne wants better.

*Sog.* I commend him, that can dissemble them so well.

*Punt.* True, and hauing no better a cloake for it than he has neither. (Gentlemē.

*Fast.* Gods precious, what mischieuous lucke is this : adiew

*Punt.* VVhither ? in such hast, Monsieur *Fastidius* ?

*Fast.* After my Merchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

*Carl.* O hinder him not, he may hap loose his Tide, a good Plounder i' faith. *Exit.*

*Oren.* Harke you Sig. *Whiffe*, a word with you. } *Oren. & Cloue*

*Carl.* How ? Signior *Whiffe* ? } *call Shift aside.*

*Oren.* VVhat was the difference betweene that young Gallant that's gone, and you sir.

*Shift.* No difference : hee would ha' giu'n me five pound for



my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (Some terms.

*Clou.* O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had ben vpon  
*Shift.* No other than you saw fir.

*Clou.* Adieu good-Master *Apple Iohn.* Exit *Oren. & Clou.*

*Carl.* How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple Ioan* too? 'Hart, what'll you say  
if this be the *Appendix*, or Labell to both yond' Indentures?

*Punt.* It may be. *Carl.* Resolue vs of it *Ianus*, thou that lookst  
euery way; or thou *Hercules*, that hast traual'd all Countries.

*Pun.* Nay *Carlo*, spend not time in Inuocations now; 'tis late.

*Carl.* Signior, here's a Gentleman desirous of your name fir.

*Shift.* Sir, my name is *Cauallier Shift*: I am knowne sufficiently  
in this walke fir.

*Carl.* *Shift*? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it.

*Shift.* True fir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent  
*Tabacconist*) to giue me the Style of Signior *Whiffe*: as I am a  
poore Esquire about the towne here, they call me Master *Ap-*  
*ple Iohn*: varietie of good names does well fir.

*Carl.* I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of  
which I imagine yond' Bills to be yours.

*Shift.* Sir, if I should denie the *Scriptures*, I were worthy to be  
banish't the middle I'le for euer.

*Carl.* I take your word Sir: this Gentleman has subscrib'd to  
'hem, & is most desirous to become your Pupil; may yon must  
use expedition: Signior *Insulso Sogliardo*, this is the Professor.

*Sog.* In good time fir, nay good fir house your head, doe you  
professe these sleights in Tabacco?

*Shift.* I doe more than professe fir, and (if you please to be a  
practioner) I wil vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that  
you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the  
Tilt-yard if need be; the most popular assembly that is.

*Punt.* But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* so soone?

*Shift.* Yes as soone fir; he shall receiue the 1, 2, and 3 *Whiffe*,  
if it please him, & (vpon the receit) take his horse, drinke his  
three cups of Canarie, and expose one at Hounslow, a second  
at Stanes, and a third at Bagshot.

*Carl.* Baw-waw.

(Countenance.

*Sog.* You wil not serue me fir, will you? I'll giue you more thā.

*Shift.* Pardon me sir, I doe scorne to serue any man.

*Carl.* VVho? he serue? Sbloud he keeps High men, & Low men, he; he has a faire liuing at Fullam.

*Shift.* But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you please.

*Sog.* Sir you shall stay and dine with me, and if we can agree, wee le not part in hast: I am very bountifull to men of qualitie. VVhere shall we go Signior.

*Punt.* Your Miter is your best house.

*Shift.* I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and he shall retaine or esume them at my pleasure.

*Punt.* By your patience, follow me fe llowes.

*Sog.* Sir *Punt ar volo.*

*Punt.* Pardon me, my Dog shall not eat in his companie for a Million.

*Exit Punt ar volo with his followers.*

*Carl.* Nay be not you amaz'd signior *Whiffe*, what e're that stiffeneckt Gentleman say's.

*Sog.* No, for you doe not know the Humor of the dog as wee do: where shall we dine *Carlo*? I would faine goe to one of these Ordinaries now I am a Gentleman.

*Carl.* So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

*Sog.* No faith, but they say there resorts your most choise gallants.

*Car.* True, and the fashion is, when any straunger comes in amongst 'hem, they all stand vp and stare at him, as hee were some vnknowne beast brought out of Affricke, but that'll bee help't with a good adventurous face, you must bee impudent ynough, sit downe, and vse no respect, when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll thinke you haue trauail'd: though you argue a whole day in Silence thus, and discourse in nothing but Laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, Discharge a good full Oth, and offer a great VVager, 'twill be admirable.

*Sog.* I warrant you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres a poore French crowne for your Ordenarie.

*Shift.* It

*Shift.* It comes well, for I had not so much as the least Port-  
cullice of coine before.

*Exeunt.*

G R E X.

*Mit.* I trauell with another objection Signior, which I feare  
will be enforc'd against the Author, ere I can be deliuer'd of it.

*Cord.* VVhat's that sir?

*Mit.* That the argument of his Comedie might haue ben of  
some other nature, as of a Duke to be in loue with a Countesse,  
& that Countesse to be in loue with the Dukes son, & the son to  
loue the Ladies waiting maid: some such crosse woing, with a  
Clowne to their seruingman, better than to be thus neere and  
familiarily allied to the time.

*Cord.* You say well, but I would faine hear one of these Au-  
tunne-judgements define once, *Quid sit Comœdia?* if he cannot,  
let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue  
strength to propose to himself a better) who would haue a Co-  
medie to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veritatis*, a  
thing throughout pleasant and ridiculous, and accommodated  
to the correction of manners: if the maker haue fail'd in any  
particler of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why;  
be you (that are for them) silent, as I will bee for him; and giue  
way to the Actors.

S C E N A   S E C U N D A.

*Enter Sordido with a halter about his necke.*

*Sord.* Nay Gods-pretious, if the weather and the Season be  
forespectlesse, that Beggars shall liue as well as their betters;  
and that my hunger and thirst for Riches, shall not make them  
hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleepes shall be bro-  
ken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shall be full,  
and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merry: Tis time that a  
Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud can-  
not beare this crosse.

K

G R E X.



G R E X.

*Ant.* { VVhat will he hang himselfe ?

*Cor.* { Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

*Ant.* { Be shrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

*Sord.* Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem: one saies, darke and rainie, when 'tis as cleare as Christall; another saies, tempestuous blasts, and stormes, and 'twas as calme as a Milke bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credite his whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cocks combes you: you fat braines, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat night-caps and make rug-gownes deare: you learned men, and haue not a Legion of Deuils, a *voſtre ſeruiſe*: a *voſtre ſeruiſe*? By heauen I thinke I shall die a better scholler than they, but soft, how now sirah.

*Enter a Hind with a letter.*

*Hind.* Here's a letter come from your Sonne sir.

*Sord.* From my Sonne sir? what would my Sonne sir? some good newes no doubt.

*The letter.*

*Sweet and deare father, (desiring you first to send mee your blessing, which is more worth to me than Gold or Siluer) I desire you likewise to bee aduertised, that this Shrouctide (contrarie to custome) wee vse alwaies to haue Reuels; which is indeed Dauncing, and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if wee Gentlemen bee well attir'd, which our Seniors note, and thinke the better of our fathers, the better wee are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they come vp, and haue any thing to doe in the Law: therefore good Father, these are (for your owne sake as well as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting vp of our name in the honourable volume of Gentilitie, that I may say to our Calumnators with Tullie, EGO SVM ORTVS DOMVS MEÆ, TV OCCASVS TVÆ. And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Beneuolence) I humbly ask you blessing, and pray God to blesse you.*

*Yours, if his owne.*

How's this? *Yours, if his owne*? is he not my Sonne, except he be his owne Sonne. Belike this is some new kind of subscription the Gallants vse. VVell, wherefore dost thou stay knaue?

*Away*

Away: goe. *Exit Hind.* Here's a letter indeed; Reuels: and beneuolence? is this a weather to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? Slid the Deuili and all takes part to vex me I thinke: this letter would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne shines, and the aire thus cleare. Soule if this hold, we shall shortly haue an excellent crop of Corne spring out of the high waies, the Streets, and Houses of the towne will be hid with the rankenesse of the fruits that grow there in spight of good Husbandrie. Goe to I'll preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie *Heauen*: stay; I'll trie the paine thus a little, O, nothing, nothing. VVell now: shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any bodie be the better for my Gold or so forth? No. Aliue, I kept it frō 'hem, and (dead) my. ghost shall walke about it and preferue it, my Sonne and Daughter shal sterue ere they touch it, I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and to it I go now.

*Falls off.*

*Enter Rustici, 5 or 6, one after another.*

*Rust. 1* Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, help.

*Rust. 2* How now? what's the matter?

*Rust. 1* O here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get him againe.

*Rust. 2* Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis chance medley on my word.

*Rust. 3* How now, what's hereto do?

*Rust. 4* How comes this?

*Rust. 2* One has executed himselfe contrarie to the order of Law, and by my consent he shall answer't.

*Rust. 5* VVould he were in case to answere it.

*Rust. 1* Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

*Sord.* Oh.

*Rust. 5* Masse, 'twas well you went the footway neighbour.

*Rust. 1* I, and I had not cut the halter.

*Sord.* How? cut the halter? Aye me, I am vndone, I am vndone.

*Rust. 2.* Marry if you had not been vndone, you had beene hang'd I can tell you.

*Sord.* You thredbare horse-bread eating rascals, if you would needs haue been medling, could you not haue vntied it, but you must cut it, and in the midst too? Aye me.

*Rust. 1.* Out on me, 'tis the Caterpillar *Sordido*; how cursed are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

*Rust. 2.* Nay how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poore?

*Rust. 3.* I, and to saue so wretched a Caytife.

*Rust. 4.* Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him.

*Rust. 2.* Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maist hang thy selfe too.

*Rust. 5.* Neuer maiest thou be sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a monster.

*Sord.* VVhat curses breath these men? how haue my deeds Made my lookes differ from another mans, That they should thus detest, and loth my life?

Out on my wretched Humor, it is that

Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eies.

Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make faire mends

For my foule errors past, and twentie-fold

Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them:

My Barnes and Garners shall stand open still

To all the poore that come, and my best graine

Be made almes-bread to feed halfe-famisht mouths.

Though hetherto amongst you I haue liu'd

Like an vnfauorie Muck-hill to my selfe,

Yet now my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,

Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.

Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing

My life and soule together. O how deeply

The bitter curses of the poore do pierce!

I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me

And witnesse my repentance: now I proue,

,, No life is blest, that is not grac't with Loue.

*Exit.*

*Rust. 2.* O



*Rust.* 2 O miracle! see when a man ha's grace.

*Rust.* 3 Had't not been pitie so good a man should haue ben cast away?

*Rust.* 2 VVell, I'll get our Clarke put his conversion in the Chronicle.

*Rust.* 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

*Rust.* O god how he wept if you mark't it : did you see how the teares trill'd?

*Rust.* 5 Yes belecue mee ; like maister Vicars bowles vpon the greene, for all the world.

3 or 4 O neighbour, god's blessing your heart neighbour, 'twas a good gratefull deed.

*Exeunt.*

G R E X.

*Cord.* How now *Mitis*? what's that you consider so seriously?

*Mit.* Troth, that which doth essentially please me : the warping condition of this greene and foggie multitude : but in good faith Signior, your Author hath largely outstript my expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confesse it. For when I saw *Sordido* so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him then.

*Cord.* VVhat? you suppos'd hee should haue hung himselfe indeed?

*Mit.* I did; and had fram'd my objection to it readie, which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with some necessitie: for though his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, & extended not to death, yet the Intent & Horror of the object was more than the nature of a Comedie will in any sort allow.

*Cord.* I? what thinke you of *Plantus* in his Comedie called *Cistellaria* there? where he brings in *Alcesimarchus* with a drawne sword readie to kill himselfe, and as hee is e'ne fixing his breast vpon it, to bee restrain'd from his resolu'd outrage by *Silenium* and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to giue our Scene approbation?

*Mit.* Sir, I haue this (your only) euasion left mee, to say, I thinke it bee so indeed, your memorie is happier than mine : but I wonder

der what engine he will vse to bring the rest out of their Humors?

*Cord.* That will appeare anone, neuer preoccupie your imagination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the Scene stil, which now remoues it selfe from the Countrie to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freshly suted, loose not your selfe, for now the *Epitasis* or busie part of our Subject is in Action.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.*

*Fas.* VVell now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely welcome to the Court, but also to my mistresse with drawing chamber: Boy get me some *Tabacco*, I'll but goe in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently sir. *Exit.*

*Mac.* VVhat's that he said? by heauen I markt him not, My thoughts, and I were of another world; I was admiring mine owne outside here, To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares Here in the court: Be a man ne're so vile In wit, in iudgement, manners, or what else; If he can purchase but a Silken couer, He shall not only passe, but passe regarded: VVhereas let him be poore and meanelly clad, Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere) VVill take him by the shoulders or the throte, And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state Of vertue in bad Clothis, ha, ha, ha, ha, That Raiment should be in such high request? How long should I be ere I should put off To my Lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shrines* posts? By heauen (I thinke) a thousand thousand yeare, His Grauitie, his wisdom, and his faith, To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruiue him) These I could well endure to reuerence,

But

But not his Tombe, no more than I'll commend  
The Chappell Organ for the guilt without,  
Or this base Violl for the varnished face.

*Enter Fast.*

*Fast.* In faith I haue made you stay somewhat long sir, but is  
my *Tabacco* readie boy?

*Cinc.* I Sir.

*Fast.* Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see  
her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'll say you neuer accosted a more  
piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's  
defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italie are nothing comparable to  
her, her braine's a very Quier of jests, and she do's dart them  
abroad with that sweet loose and iudiciall aime that you  
would--- here she comes sir.

*Enter Sauolina, and goes in againe.*

*Mac.* 'Twas time, his inuention had been bogd else.

*Sau.* Giue me my fanne there.

*Mac.* How now Mounseieur *Briske*?

*Fast.* A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold  
shiuering (me thinkes.)

*Mac.* I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mistres-  
ses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like im-  
pudent mountaines.

*Fast.* By Iesu, I'd spend twentie pound my vaunting Horse  
stood here now, she might see me doe but one trick?

*Mac.* VVhy do's she loue actiuitie?

*Cinc.* Or if you had but your long stockings on to be daun-  
cing a Galliard, as she comes by.

*Fast.* I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies mad with  
desire, she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me, Boy the Pipe  
quickly.

*Enter Sauolina.*

*Mac.* VVhat? will he giue her musicke?

*Fast.* A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

*Sau.* Faire seruant, I'll thanke you a day hence, when the  
date of your salutation comes forth.

*Fast.* How like you that answer? is't not admirable?

*Mac.* I were a simple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles sir.

*Fast.* Troth



*Fast.* Troth sweet Ladie I shall (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you thanks for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) studie more officious and obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties: (*Tab.*) mend the pipe boy.

*Mac.* I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a parenthesis before.

*Fast.* Fore God (sweet Ladie) beleue it, I doe honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your loue.

*Sani.* I, you need not tell me that sir, I do think you do prize a rush before my loue.

*Mac.* Is this the wonder of nations?

*Fast.* O, by Iesu pardon me, I said for your loue, by this light; but it is the accustomed sharpenesse of your Ingenuitie sweet Mistresse to ——— Masse your Violl's new strung me thinkes.

*Takes downe the Violl.*

*Mac.* Ingenuitie; I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her; which he had done most notably, if he had said *Wit* for Ingenuitie, as he meant it.

*Fast.* By the soule of Musicke Ladie (*hum, hum.*)

*Sani.* VVould we might heare it once.

*Fast.* I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predominant perfections than (*hum, hum*) euer I shall haue power and facultie to expresse (*hum.*)

*Sani.* Vpon the Violl *de Gambo* you meane?

*Fast.* It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

*Sani.* Nay rather by the fingers.

*Mac.* It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

*Fast.* Sweet Ladie tune it. Boy some *Tabacco*.

*Mac.* *Tabacco* againe? hee do's court his mistresse with very exceeding good changes.

*Fast.* Signior *Macilente*, you take none sir? (*Tab.*)

*Mac.* No, vnlesse I had a mistresse Signior, it were a great *Indecorum* for me to take *Tabacco*.

*Fast.* How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

*Mac.* Her ingenuitie is excellent sir.

*Fast.* You see the subject of her sweet fingers there? (*Tab.*)  
Oh shee tickles it so, that (*Tab.*) shee makes it laugh most  
Diuinely;

Diuinely; (*Tab.*) I'll tell you a good yeast now, and your selfe shall say it's a good one: I haue wisht my selfe to be that Instrument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not so few, by Heauens (*Tab.*)

*Maci.* Not vnlike Sir: but how? to be cas'd vp and hung by on the wall?

*Fast.* O, no Sir, to be in vse I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testific. (*Tab.*)

*Sani.* Here Seruant, if you will play, come.

*Fast.* Instantly sweet Ladie (*Tab.*) In good faith here's most Diuine *Tabacco*.

*Sani.* Nay, I cannot stay to Daunce after your Pipe.

*Fast.* Good, nay deare Ladie stay: by this sweet Smoake, I thinke your wit be all fire: (*Tab.*)

*Mac.* And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

*Sani.* Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd Sir? that you sweare by the sweet Smoake?

*Fast.* Still more excellent: (before God, and these bright Heauens) I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

*Maci.* True, as your discourse is: O abominable!

*Fast.* VVill your Ladishiptake any?

*Sani.* O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Woodcock's* head.

*Fast.* Meaning my head, Ladie?

*Sani.* Not altogether so Sir; but (as it were Fatall to their folies that thinke to grace themselues with taking *Tabacco*, when they want better entertainment) you see your Pipe beares the true forme of a *Woodcock's* head.

*Fast.* O Admirable *Simile*!

*Sani.* 'Tis best leauing of you in Admiration, Sir.

*Exit Saniolina.*

*Mac.* Are these the admired Ladie-wits, that hauing so good a Plaine-song, can runne no better Diuision vpon it. S'heart, all her jests are of the stampe *March* was fifteene yecres agoe. Is this the *Comet Monsieur Fastidius*, that your Gallants wonder at so?

*Fasť.* Hart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore presence thus: Sweet fir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace, By Iesu, I neuer was in so vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was at the flood too, Report it not for a million good fir; let me be so farre endear'd to your loue.

*Exeunt.*

G R E X.

*Mit.* VVhat followes next Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants Humor is almost spent mee thinkes, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his mistresse.

*Cord.* O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I feare not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himselfe here?

*Mit.* VVhat, i'the old case?

*Cord.* Yfaith, which makes it the more pittifull, you vnderstand where the Scene is?

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him.*

*Fall.* VVhy are you so melancholy Brother?

*Fun.* I am not melancholy I thanke you Sister.

*Fall.* VVhy are you not merry then? there are but two of vs in all the world, and if we should not be comforts to one another, God helpe vs.

*Fung.* Faith, I cannot tell Sister, but if a man had any true Melancholie in him, it would make him melancholic, to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his sonne a Gentleman: and yet when he has cut 'hem, hee will see his sonnes throat cut too, ere he make him a true Gentleman indeed, before Death cut his owne throat. I must be the first Head of our house, and yet he will not giue mee the head, till I be made so. Is any man tearm'd a Gentleman that is not alwaies i'the fashion? I would know but that.

*Fall.* If you be melancholy for that Brother, I think I haue



as much cause to be melancholy, as one ; for I'll be sworne I  
liue as little in the fashion, as any woman in *London*. By the Bi-  
ble of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend  
i<sup>n</sup> the world besides my husband. VVhen saw you Maister *Fasti-*  
*dus Briske*, Brother?

*Fung*. But a while since Sister, I thinke, I know not well in  
truth. By Gods lid I could fight with all my heart me thinkes.

*Fall*. Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

*Fung*. I sent him a letter, and hee writes mee no answere  
neither.

*Fall*. Oh sweet *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art hee  
mak'st me sigh and say, How blessed is that woman that hath a  
*Courtier* to her husband? and how miserable a dame she is that  
hath neither husband nor friend in the *Court*: O sweet *Fastidius*,  
O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie?  
how full hee hits a woman betwixt the lips when hee kisses?  
how vpright hee sits at the Table? how daintily hee carues?  
how sweetly hee talkes, and tels newes of this Lord, and of  
that Ladie? how cleanly hee wipes his spoon at euery spoon-  
full of any whit-meat hee eats, and what a neat case of picke-  
tooths hee carries about him still? Oh sweet *Fastidius*, O fine  
*Courtier*!

*Enter Deliro with Musicians.*

*Deli*. See yonder shee is Gentlemen, now (as euer you'll  
beare the name of *Musicians*) touch your instruments sweetly,  
shee has a delicate care, I tell you, play not a false note I be-  
seech you.

*Music*. Feare not Signior *Deliro*.

*Deli*. O begin, begin, some sprightly thing; Lord, how my  
imagination labours with the successe of it: well said, good  
yfaith, heauen graunt it please her, I'll not bee scene, for then  
shee'll be sure to dislike it.

*Fall*. Hey da, this is excellent, I'll lay my life this is my hus-  
bands dotage, I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with  
me, I know you do nothing but studie how to anger me sir.

Euery man out of his Humour

*Del.* Anger thee, sweet wife? why didst thou not send for Musicians to supper last night thy selfe?

*Fall.* To Supper sir? now come vp to Supper I beseech you: as though there were no difference betweene Supper time when folkes should be merrie, and thistime when they would be Melancholly? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more Iudgement to please her.

*Del.* Be pleas'd sweet wife, and they shall ha' done: & would to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

*Exit Musicians.*

*Enter Macilente.*

*Mac.* God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*?

*Del.* Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome from the Court Sir; no doubt you haue been grac't exceedingly of Master *Briskes* Mistresse, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?

*Mac.* Alas, the poore *Phantasticke*, hee's scarfe knowne To any Ladie there: and those that know him, Know him the simplest man of all they know: Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors, Though he but Apishly doth imitate The gallants't Courtiers, kissing ladies Pumps, Holding the Cloth for them, praising their VVits, And seruilely obseruing euery one, May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to be seene VVith any man (though he be ne're so worthy) That's not in grace with some that are the greatest. Thus Courtiers doe, and these he counterfeits, But sets not such a sightly carriage Vpon their vanities, as they themselues; And therefore they despise him: for indeed Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler, That tries trickes after him to make men laugh.

*Fall.* Here's an vnthankfull spitefull wretch: the good Gentleman vouchsaf't to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vn-rude Rascall backbites him.

*Del.* Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?

*Mac.* Faith

*Mac.* Faith like a pawne at *Cheffe*, fills vp a rounge, that's all.

*Fall.* O monster of men ! can the Earth beare such an enui-  
ous Caitiffe ?

*Del.* VVell, I repent mee I e're credited him so much : but  
(now I see what he is, and that his masking vizor is of) I'll for-  
bear him no longer : all his lands are morgag'd to me, and for-  
feited : besides, I haue Bonds of his in my hand for the receipt of  
now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv : still as hee has had a Fan  
but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. VVel, I'll salute  
him by a *Sergeant*, the next time I see him yfaith, I'll Suit him.

*Mac.* VVhy, you may soone see him Sir, for hee is to meet  
Signior *Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where  
he meanes to take vp vpon returne.

*Fall.* Now out vpon thee *Iudas* ; canst thou not be content  
to backbite thy friend, but thou must betray him ? wilt thou  
seeke the vndoing of any man ? and of such a man too ? and  
will you Sir get your liuing by the counsell of Traitors ?

*Del.* Deare wife, haue patience.

*Fall.* The house wil fal, the ground wil open, and swallow vs :  
I'll not bide here for all the Gold and Siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

*Del.* O good *Macilente*, let's follow and appease her, or the  
Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

*Mac.* Now *Peace*, and not *Peace* feed that life, whose head  
hangs so heauily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*

*Enter Fallace running, at another dore, and claps it too.*

*Fall.* Help me brother : Godsbody and you come here, I'll  
do my selfe a mischief.

*Del.* Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue mee  
goe, I will not goe. *Within.*

*Fall.* Tut, you shall ne're ha' that vantage of me, to say you  
are vndone by mee : I'll not bid you stay, I . Brother, sweet  
brother, here's foure Angels, I'll giue you toward your Sute ;  
for the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen crea-  
ture, make hast to the water side (you know where Master  
*Fastidius* vsesto land) and giue him warning of my husbands  
intent ; and tell him of that leane Rascals treacherie : O Iesu,



how my flesh rises at him? nay, sweet brother make hast; you may say I would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time would not suffer it: He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me; and Commend me to him, good brother: say I sent you.

*Exit.*

*Fung.* Let me see; these foure Angels: and then fortie shillings more I can borrow on my Gowne in Fetter-lane: well, I will goe presently, say on my Sute, pay as much money as I haue, and sweare my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the rest.

*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter Deliro, with Macilente, speaking as they passe  
over the Stage.*

*Deli.* O, on my Soule you wrong her, *Macilente*, Though she be froward, yet I know she is honest.

*Mac.* VVell, then haue I no Iudgement; would any woman (but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into that immodest and violent Passion against her husband? or is't possible ---

*Deli.* If you loue me, forbear; all the Arguments i'the world shall neuer wrest my heart to beleue it.

*Exeunt.*

GREX.

*Cord.* How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?

*Mit.* O, strangely; and of the others Enuie too, that labors so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the Knight Aduenturer.

*Cord.* I, and his *Scriuener* with him.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Notarie, with Serving-men.*

*Punt.* I wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! but *Notarie*, if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue thee the *Theorie*.

*Not.* VVith all my heart Sir; and I'll fall in hand with 'hem presently.

*Punt.*

*Punt.* VVell then, first; the *Summe* is to be vnderstood.

*Not.* Good sir.

*Punt.* Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my Dog and Cat must be knowne: shew him the Cat Sirrah.

*Not.* So sir.

*Punt.* Then, that the intended *Point*, is the *Turkes* Court in *Constantinople*: the Time limited for our Returne, a yeere: and that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are Generall; conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

*Not.* I Sir.

*Punt.* Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauals by Sea or Land, to my best liking: and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Dog and Cat to ride with mee in the said Coach.

*Not.* Very good sir.

*Punt.* That I may choose to giue my Dog or Cat Fish, for feare of Bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the judgement of the most Autenticall *Physicians* where I trauaile) shall be thought dangerous.

*Not.* VVell sir.

*Punt.* That (after the receit of his money) he shall neither in his owne person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect meanes; as *Magique*, *Witchcraft*, or other such *Exoticke* Artes, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the prejudice of Mee, my Dogge, or my Cat: Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments; as Vnctions, to make our skinnes impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible by vertue of a Pouder, or a Ring, or to hang any three-forked Charme about my Dogs necke, secretly conuey'd into his Collar: vnderstand you? but that all be performed, sincerely, without fraud or Imposture.

*Not.* So sir.

*Punt.* That (for testimonie of the Performance) my selfe am to bring thence a *Turkes* *Mustachio*, my Dogge a Hares lip, and my Cat the traine or taile of a Rat.

*Not.* 'Tis done sir.

*Punt.* 'Tis

*Punt.* 'Tis said Sir, not done sir, but forward. That vpon my returne and landing on the Tower wharfe with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue five for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

*Not.* VVell Sir.

*Punt.* Prouided, That if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the *Aduenture* be hindred thereby; that then, He is to returne, and I am to receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon faire and equall tearmes.

*Not.* Very good sir; is this all?

*Punt.* It is all Sir; and dispatch them good *Notarie*.

*Not.* As fast as is possible Sir.

*Exit.*

*Enter Carlo.*

*Punt.* O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Monsieur *Briske*?

*Car.* Not I: did he appoint you to meet here?

*Punt.* I, and I muse he should be so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of mee in venter, if hee maintaine his promise.

*Car.* Is his houre past?

*Punt.* Not yet, but it comes on apace.

*Car.* Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner breake all the ten *Commaundements*, than his Houre; vpon my life in such a case trust him.

*Punt.* Me thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very sinooth? ha?

*Car.* VVhy I come but now from a Hothouse, I must needs looke sinooth.

*Punt.* From a Hothouse?

*Car.* I, doe you make a wonder on't? why it's your onely *Phisicke*. Let a man sweat once a weeke in a Hothouse, and be well rubd and froted with a good plumpe iuicie wench, and sweet linnen, he shall ne're ha' the Poxe.

*Punt.* VVhat? the *French Poxe*?

*Car.* The *French Poxe*! our Poxe: S'blood wee haue 'hem in as good forme as they man: what?

*Punt.* Let me perish, but thou art a Villaine: was your new-created



created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo*?

*Carl.* O *Porpuse*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes* Ordinarie yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' been drowning a *Tabacco* Pipe there, euer sin' yesterday noone.

*Punt.* VVho? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiffe*?

*Car.* I, hee: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuat to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Reccit Reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some dozen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem (as you'd doe a piece of *Perispectiue*) in at a key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chaire, holding his snout vp like a Sow vnder an Apple-tree, while th'other open'd his Nostrills with a Poking-Iticke, to giue the sinoake a more free deliuerie. They had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore we came away.

*Punt.* How! spit three or fourscore ounces?

*Carl.* I, and preferu'd it in *Porrengers*, as a Barber does his Blood when he pricksa veine.

*Punt.* Out *Pagan*; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy friend?

*Carl.* Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i'the world? ha? S'lid I ne're rellisht it yet.

*Punt.* Thy Humor is the more daungerous.

*Carl.* No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in all: I can oyle my tongue when I meet him next, and looke with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all soyle of *Suspicion*, and that's inough: what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pish, the title of a *Friend*, it's a vaine idle thing, only venerable among fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

*Enter Deliro, and Macilente.*

*Deli.* Saue you good sir *Puntarvolo*.

*Punt.* Signior *Deliro*! welcome.

*Deli.* Pray you sir, did you see Master *Fassidius Briske*? I heard he was to meet your VVorship here.

M

*Punt.* You

*Punt.* You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery minute my VVatch strikes.

*Del.* In good time sir.

*Carl.* There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*, marry his wit's after ten i<sup>n</sup> the hundred. A good Bloudhound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee followes the sent well, marry hee's at a fault now me thinks.

*Punt.* I should wonder at that Creature is free from the daunger of thy tongue.

*Carl.* O I cannot abide these limmes of Sattin, or rather *Sathan* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darkenesse) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of Blankes, readie to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifts, as come within the verge.

*Punt.* So : and what hast thou for him that is with him now ?

*Carl.* O (Damne me) *Immortalitie*, I'le not meddle with him, the pure *Element of Fire*, all *Spirit*, *Extraction*.

*Punt.* How *Carlo*? ha, what is he man?

*Car.* A scholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him ? a lanke rawbon'd *Anatomic*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd Musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his Rest there.

*Punt.* His Rest? why has he a forked head ?

*Carl.* Pardon me, that's to be suspended, you are too quick, too apprehensue.

*Del.* Troth (now I think on't) I'le defer it til some other time.

*Mac.* Gods-pretious, not by any meanes Signior, you shall not loose this opportunitie, he will be here presently now.

*Del.* Yes faith *Macilente*, 'tis best. For looke you sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that---

*Mac.* Your wife? now for shame loose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife) suffer my self to be thus passionatly caried (to and fro) with the streame of her Humor? and neglect my deepest affairs, to serue her affections? Sbloud I would geld my selfe first.

*Del.* O but Signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you wold--

*Mac.* Such a wife : Now God hate mee sir, if euer I discern'd

Euery man out of his Humor.

any wonder in your wife yet, with all the *Speculation* I haue : 'I haue seene some that ha' beene thought fairer than she, in my time ; and I haue seene those, ha' not beene altogether so tall, esteem'd proper women; and I haue seen lesse Noses grow vpon sweeter Faces, that haue done very well too in my judgement: but in good faith Signior for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good prettie prowd hard-fauour'd thing, many not so peerlessly to be doted vpon, I must confesse: nay be not angrie.

*Del.* VVell sir (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I haue not deseru'd to be thus plai'd vpon, but henceforth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the fauor of his breath at my table, that shal thus jade me for my courtesies.

*Mac.* Nay then Signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman by *Iesu*, and I suspect her honestie, that's more, which you may likewise suspect (if you please:) doe you see? He vrge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

*Del.* Good sir.

*Exit.*

*Mac.* Good sir? Now Horne vpon Horne pursue thee, thou blind egregious Dotard.

*Carl.* O you shall heare him speake like Enuie. Signior *Macilente*, you saw Mounseieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with him at the Court.

*Mac.* I *Buffone*, I was with him.

*Carl.* And how is hee respected there? (I know youle deale ingeniously with us) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

*Mac.* Faith I, his *Cinet* and his *casting glasse*,  
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest,  
And there his *Seniors* giue him good sleight lookes,  
After their *Garbe*, smile, and salute in French  
VVith some new complement.

*Carl.* VVhat is this all?

*Mac.* VVhy say, that they should shew the frothie foole,  
Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,  
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.



Euery man out of his Humor.

VVhy all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace  
To vertue, or desert : but to ride both  
VVith their guilt *Spurres* quite breathlesse from themselves.  
'Tis now esteem'd *Precisamisme* in wit ;  
And a Disease in *Nature* to be kind  
Toward Desert, to Loue, or seeke good Names :  
VWho feeds with a Good name ? who thrives with louing ?  
VWho can prouide feast for his owne desires,  
VVith seruing others ? ha, ha, ha :  
'Tis follie by our wisest worldlings prou'd  
(If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd.

*Carl.* How like you him ? is't not a good spitefull slaue ? ha ?

*Punt.* Shrewd, shrewd.

*Carl.* Damme me, I could eat his flesh now : Deuine sweet villaine.

*Maci.* Nay, pr'y thee leaue : what's he there ?

*Carl.* VWho ? this i'the starcht Beard ? it's the dull stiffe Knight *Puntarvolo* man ; hee's to trauaile now presently : hee has a good knottie wit, marry he carries little on't out of the land with him.

*Maci.* How then ?

*Carl.* He puts it forth in venter, as he does his money ; vpon the returne of a Dog and Cat.

*Maci.* Is this hee ?

*Carl.* I, this is hee ; a good tough Gentleman : he looks like a Chine of Brawne at *Shrouetide*, out of date, and readie to take his leaue : or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht the Table all *Lent*, as hee has done the Cittie this last *Vacation*.

*Maci.* Come, you'le neuer leaue your stabbing *Simile's* : I shall ha' you aiming at me with 'hem by and by, but —

*Carl.* O, renounce me then : pure, honest, good *Demill*, I loue thee aboute the loue of women : I could e'en melt in Admiration of thee now : Gods so', looke here man ; Sir *Dagonet* and his Squire.

*Enter Sog. and Shift.*

*Sog.* Saue you my deare *Gallant's* : nay, come approach,  
good

good Cavalier : pr'y thee (sweet Knight) know this Gentleman,  
hee's one that it pleases me to vse as my good friend and com-  
panion ; and therefore doe him good offices : I beseech you  
Gentles, know him.

Punt. Sir (for Signior Sogliardos sake) let it suffice , I know  
you.

Sog. VVhy by Iesu, I thanke you Knight, and it shall suffice.  
Heerke you Sir Puntarvolo, you'd little thinke it ; hee's as reso-  
lute a piece of flesh as any 's i'the world.

Punt. Indeed sir ?

Sog. Vpon my Gentilitie sir : Carlo, a word with you ; Doe  
you see that same fellow there ?

Carl. VVhat ? Cavalier Shift ?

Sog. O, you know him ; crie you mercie : before God, I think  
him the tallest man liuing within the walls of *Europe*.

Carl. The walls of *Europe* ! take heed what you say Signior,  
*Europe*'s a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, (and 't were as huge againe) I'd iustifie what I  
speake. S'lid he swagger'd e'en now in a place where we were :  
I neuer saw a man doe it more resolute.

Carl. Nay indeed swaggering is a good *Argument of Resolution*.  
Doe you heare this, Signior ?

Mac. I, to my griefe. O that such muddie Flags  
For euery drunken flourish, should atchieue  
The name of *Manhood* ; whil'st true perfect Valour  
(Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd.  
Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)  
I dare doe more than hee ; a thousand times :  
VVhy should not they take knowledge of this ? ha ?  
And giue my worth allowance before his ?  
Because I cannot swagger. Now the Poxe  
Light on your *Pickt-Hatch* prowesse.

Sog. VVhy I tell you Sir, he has been the only *Bid-stand* that  
euer was, kept *New-Market*, *Salisbury Plaine*, *Hockley i the hole*,  
*Gads-Hill* ; all the high places of any Request : hee has had his  
Mares and his Geldings hee, ha' been worth fortie, threescore,

Euery man out of his Humor.

a hundred pound a Horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge and ditch like your Greyhound : hee has done fiae hundred Robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

*Punt.* VVhat ? and scapt ?

*Sog.* Scapt ! yfaith I : he has broken the jayle when hee has been in yrons, and yrons ; and been out, and in againe ; & out, and in ; fortie times and not so few, hee.

*Mac.* A fit Trumpet to proclaime such a person.

*Carl.* But can this be possible ? (to it.

*Shift.* why 'tis nothing sir, when a man giues his Affections

*Sog.* Good *Pylades* discourse a Robberie or two, to satisfie these Gentlemen of thy worth.

*Shift.* Pardon me my deare *Orestes* : Causes haue their *Quiddits*, and 'tis ill jesting with Bell-ropes.

*Carl.* How ? *Pylades* and *Orestes* ? (conceit ?

*Sog.* I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Orestes* : how like you the

*Carl.* O, it's an old stale Enterlude deuise : No, I'le giue you Names my selfe : looke you, he shal be your *Iudas*, and you shal be his *Elder* tree to hang on.

*Mac.* Nay rather, let him be Captaine *Pod*, and this his *Motion* ; for he does nothing but Shew him.

*Car.* Excellent : or thus ; you shall be *Holden*, and hee your

*Shift.* You doe not meane to ride Gentlemen ? (Camell.

*Punt.* Faith let me end it for you Gallants : you shall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Resolution*.

*Sog.* Troth that's prettie : how say you *Canalier*, shalt be so ?

*Carl.* I, I, most voices.

*Shift.* Faith I am eas'ly yeelding to any good Impressions :

*Sog.* Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

*Car.* Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (properly) to him againe.

*Punt.* Yes, by an *Ironie*.

*Mac.* O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's altogether grim and vnpleasant.

*Enter Briske.*

*Fast.* Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentlemen, and keepe time to your humors : how now *Carlo* ?

*Pun. Mon.*



*Punt.* Monsieur *Briske*! many a long looke haue I extended for you sir.

*Fast.* Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labors for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so preuaile with me: I know they'le take it verie ill, especially one that gaue me this Bracelet of her Haire but ouer night, and this Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary she — what? are the VVritings readie?

*Punt.* I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the *Notaries*, and learne if he be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

*Exit Seruing-man.*

*Fast.* And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh Signior *Macilente*! by these eyes I saw you not, I had saluted you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon you that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace indeed sir.

*Mac.* You may sir.

*Carl.* S'heart hee knowes some notorious jest by this Gull, that he hath him so obsequious.

*Sog.* Monsieur *Fastidius*, doe you see this fellow there? does hee not looke like a Clowne? would you thinke there's any thing in him?

*Fast.* Any thing in him? beshrow me, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

*Sog.* By this Element, hee is an ingenious tall man as euer swaggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance* & *Resolution*, but his name is *Canalier Shift*.

*Punt.* *Canalier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

*Sog.* Knew him Sir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

*Punt.* How? was't your Project sir?

*Shift.* Pardon me *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make that publicke, which I imparted to you in priuat.

*Sog.* Gods

Euery man out of his Humor.

*Sog.* Gods will, here are none but friends *Resolution.*

*Shift.* That's all one ; things of Consequence must haue their respects, where, how, and to whome. Yes sir, he shewed himselfe a true Clogge in the Coherence of that affaïre sir ; for if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie score of pounds sir, and hee himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despight of Fate) to haue fedde on *Woodcockes* with the rest : but it was his heauie fortunes to sinke poore *Clogge*, and therefore talke no more of him.

*Punt.* why, had hee more Agents then ?

*Sog.* O God sir ; I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

*Shift.* I sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference ; but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd my selfe to other courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

*Sog.* Nay, he has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dogge, hee has the most rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.

*Carl.* S'heart, hee keeps more adoe with this Monster, than euer *Bankes* did with his Horse, or the Fellow with the *Elephant*.

*Mac.* Hee will hang out his Picture shortly in a cloath, you shall see.

*Sog.* O, hee do's manage a quarrell the best that euer you saw, for *Termes* and *Circumstances*.

*East.* Good faith Signior (now you speake of a quarrell) I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gallant and my selfe : sir *Puntarvolo*, you know him if I should name him ; Signior *Luculento*.

*Punt.* *Luculento* ! what inauspicious chaunce interpos'd it selfe betwixt your two loues ?

*East.* Faith sir, the same that sundred *Agamemnon* and great *Thetis* son ; but let the cause escape Sir : He sent me a challenge (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine wee met. Now indeed Sir (I must tell you) he did offer at first very desperatly, but without judgement : for looke you sir. I cast  
my

my selfe into this figure: now he, comes violently on, and with-  
all advancing his Rapier to strike, I thought to haue took his  
arme (for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was  
sure he could not recouer his guard) Sir, I mist my purpose in  
his arme, rasht his doublet slecue, ran him close by the left  
cheeke, and through his haire: He again lights me here, I had  
a gold Cable hatband then new come vp, (which I wore a-  
bout a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it  
was Masseie, gold-Smithes worke) cuts my brimmes, which by  
good fortune (being thicke embrodered with gold twist, and  
Spangles) disapointed the force of the blow: Neuerthelesse it  
graz'd on my shoulder, takes mee away sixe purles of an  
Italian cut-worke Band I wore, cost me three pounds in the  
exchaunge but three daies before.

*Punt.* This was a straunge encounter.

*Fastid.* Nay you shall heare sir, with this wee both fell out  
and breath'd: Now (vpon the second signe of his assault) I  
betooke mee to the former manner of my defence; hee (on  
the other side) abandon'd his bodie to the same daunger as  
before, and followes mee still with blowes. But I (being loth  
to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left  
side) made a kind of *stramazon*, ran him vp to the hilts, through  
the Doublet, through the Shirt, and yet mist the skin. He  
(making a reuerse blow) fals vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had  
throwne off the hangers a little before) strikes off a skirt of a  
thick lac't Sattin Doublet I had (lin'd with some foure Tassa-  
taes) cuts of two panes embrodered with Pearle, rents through  
the drawings out of Tyffew, enters the linings, and skips the  
flesh.

*Carl.* I wonder he speakes not of his wrought Shirt.

*Fast.* Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) we paus'd:  
but (ere I proceed) I must tell you Signior, that (in this last  
encounter) not hauing leisure to put off my siluer Spurres,  
one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boot, and  
(being Spanish leather, and subject to teare) ouerthrowes



Euery man out of his Humor.

me,rends me two paire of filke stockings (that I put on being somewhat a raw morning, a Peach colour and another) and strikes me some halfe inch deepe into the side of the Calfe; He (seeing the bloud come) presently takes horſe and away. I(ha- uing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought Shirt)

*Car.* O comes it there ?

*Faſt.* Rid after him, and (lighting at the court gate both to- gether) embrac'd and marcht hand in hand vp into the Pre- ſence.

*Mac.* VVell, by this we can geſſe what apparrell the Gentle- man wore.

*Punt.* 'Fore God it was a deſignment begun with much reſo- lution, maintain'd with as much prowefſe, and ended with more humanitie. How now, what ſaies he ?

*His Seruingman enters.*

*Seruing.* The *Notarie* ſaies hee is readie ſir, he ſtaies but your VVorſhips pleaſure.

*Punt.* Come wee will goe to him Mounſieur. Gentlemen ſhall wee entreat you to be witneſſes.

*Sog.* You ſhall entreat mee ſir, come *Reſolution.*

*Shift.* I follow you good *Countenance.*

*Carl.* Come Signior, come, come.

*Maci.* O, that there ſhould be fortune  
To cloth theſe men, ſo naked in deſert,  
And that the iuſt Storme of a wretched life,  
Beats 'hem not ragged for their wretched ſoules,  
And ſince as fruitleſſe, euen as blacke as coales.

*Exeunt.*

GREX.

*Mitis.* VVhy but Signior, how comes it that *Fungoſo* appear'd  
not

not with his sisters intelligence to *Briske*.

*Cord.* Mary long of the euill Angels that shee gaue him, who haue indeed temptred the good simple youth to follow the taile of the Fashion, and neglect the imposition of his freinds. Behold here hee comes, very VVorshipfully attended, and with good varietie.

SCENA QUARTA.

*Enter Fungoso with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdasher.*

*Fung.* Gramercie good Shoe-maker, I'le put too strings my selfe. *Exit Shoe-maker.*

Now Sir, let mee see, what must you haue for this Hat?

*Haber.* Here's the bill, sir.

*Fung.* How doest become me, well?

*Taylor.* Excellient Sir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

*Haber.* Nay faith Sir, the Hat's as good as any man i' this towne can serue you. And will maintaine Fashion as long, ne're trust me for a groat else.

*Fung.* Do's it apply well to my sute?

*Tay.* Exceeding well sir.

*Fung.* How lik'it thou my suit Haberdasher?

*Hab.* By my troth sir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw a sute fit better I can tell on.

*Tay.* Nay, we haue no Art to please our friends, we.

*Fung.* Here Haberdasher tell this same.

*Haberdasher.* Good faith sir, it makes you haue an excellent bodie.

*Fung.* Nay (belecue me) I thinke I haue as good a bodie in cloths as another.

*Taylor.* You lacke points to bring your apparrell together.

Euery man out of his Humor.

*Fung.* I'll haue points anone: how now 'tis't right?

*Hab.* Faith sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes. Good morrow to you sir.

*Exit Haberdasher.*

*Fung.* Farewell good Haberdasher, well now maister *Snip* let me see your bill.

GREX.

*Mit.* { Mee thinkes he discharges his followers too thicke.  
*Cord.* { O therin he saucily imitates some Great man. I warrant you though he turnes off them, he keepes this Taylor in place of a Page to follow him still.

*Fung.* This Bill is very reasonable in faith, harke you maister *Snip*. Troth sir I am not altogether so well furnisht at this present, as I could wish I were: but--- If you'll doe me the fauour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

*Tay.* Sir---

*Fung.* And but giue me credite for the rest, till the beginning of the next Tearme.

*Tay.* O Lord sir----

*Fung.* 'Fore God and by this light I'll pay you to the vtmost, and acknowledge my selfe very deeply engag'd to you by this hand.

*Tay.* VVhy how much haue you there Sir?

*Fung.* Marry I haue here foure Angels, and fiftene shillings of white money, it's all I haue as 'hope to be sau'd.

*Tay.* You will not faile mee at the next Tearme with the rest.

*Fung.* No and I doe, pray God I bee hang'd. Let me neuer breath againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher calls it. By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) I'll hold.

GREX.

*Cord.* { Hewere an yron-hearted fellow in my judgement,  
{ that would not credite him vpon these monstrous othes.

*Tay.* VVell sir, I'll not sticke with any Gentleman for a trifle,



trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

*Fung.* I sir, and I giue you thanks in good faith, O God how happie am I made in this good fortune. VVell, now I'll goe seeke out Mounfieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for my shoes; and points. S'lid what lucke's this? how shall I doe? Maister *Snippe*, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points and Ribband, by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my selfe in the default of memorie, pray, le' mee bee beholding to you, it shall come home i'the bill beleeue mee.

*Tay.* Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but I'll take vp and send you some by my boy presently. VVhat colour'd Ribband would you haue?

*Fung.* VVhat you shall thinke meet i' your judgement Sir to my sute.

*Tayl.* VVell, I'll send you some presently.

*Fung.* And points too sir?

*Tayl.* And points too sir.

*Exit Taylor.*

*Fung.* Good Lord how shall I studie to deserue this kindnes of you sir. Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done a businesse an hower since, that I doubt I shall come too late. Now in good truth I am exceeding proud of my sute.

*Exit.*

# G R E X.

*Cord.* Do you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant is put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion.

*Mit.* I, and to be still a Fashion behind with the world, that's the sport.

*Cord.* Stay: O here they come from seal'd and deliuer'd.

# S C E N A   Q U I N T A.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius Briske, seruing men with the Dog.*

*Punt.* VVell now my whole venter is forth, I will resolute to depart shortly.

Euery man out of his Humor.

*Fast.* Faith sir *Puntaruolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of the Ladies first.

*Punt.* I care not if it bee this afternoones labour. VVhere is *Carlo*?

*Fast.* Here he comes.

*Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Macilente.*

*Carl.* Faith Gallants, I am perswading this Gentleman to turne Courtier, he is a man of faire Reuenue, and his estate will beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the mind, or so, why, they are as Nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, without any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beggerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more *accommodate* and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe——

*Fast.* O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of wonder and delight that can bee imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and apprehension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that deuine *Rapture*, that he will thinke himselfe i'the third Heauen for the time, and loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoever; when hee shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such Angelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightning, and humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and *Flame*, and lifts him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strêngth of his *Imagination*) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *Insula Fortunata*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempe*, or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to bee meere *Vmbra*, and imperfect Figures, confer'd with the most essentiall felicitie of your Court.

*Mac.* VVel this E N C O M I O N was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

*Car.* Besides Sir, you shall neuer need to goe to a hothouse, you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or loosing your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders.

Mary

Mary this fir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong personage about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be out: for you may haue a pipe of *Tabacco*, or a base Violl shall hang o' the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The Tricks your *Resolution* has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the *VVhiffe*, and those sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

*Fasti.* I, to some perhaps: but, and hee should come to my Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee 'ld repleie vpon him yfaith. Oh, (by this bright sunne) shee has the most acute, readie, and facetious wit, that———tut there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it Signior, you haue scene her?

*Punt.* Then can he report no lesse out of his judgement, I assure him.

*Maci.* Troth I like her well ynough, but shee's too selfe-conceited me thinkes.

*Fasti.* I indeed, shee's a little too selfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, she were the most to bee admir'd Ladie in the world.

*Punt.* Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

*Maci.* VVhy it may easily bee made to forsake her in my thought.

*Fasti.* Easily Sir? then are all impossibilities easie.

*Maci.* You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you say if I make it so perspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible.

*Fasti.* Marry I will say, *I will both applaud you, and admire you for it.*

*Punt.* And I will second him.

*Mac.* VVhy I'll shew you Gentlemen, *Carlo* come hether.

*Macilente, Carlo, Punt ar volo, and Briske, whisper.*

*Sog.* Good faith I haue a great Humor to the Court, what thinkes my *Resolution*? shall I aduenture?

*Sog.* Troth



Every man out of his Humor.

*Shift.* Troth Countenance, as you please; the Place is a place of good Reputation and Capacitie.

*Sog.* O, my trickes in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* saies) will shew excellent there.

*Shift.* VVhy you may goe with these Gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see Correspondence.

*Sog.* You say true. You will goe with me *Resolution*?

*Shift.* I will meet you *Countenance*, about three or foure of Clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot, for (as I am *Apple Iohn*) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, and therefore pray, present me excus'd good *Countenance*.

*Sog.* Farewell good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet.

*Shift.* As I liue.

*Exit Shift.*

*They breake silence:*

*Punt.* Admirably excellent.

*Mac.* If you can but persuaide *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's all now.

*Carl.* O let me alone, that's my taske:

*Fast.* Now by *Iesu Macilente*, it's aboue measure excellent: 'twill bee the onely courtly exploit that euer prou'd Courtier ingenious.

*Punt.* Vpon my soule it puts the Ladie quite out of her Humor, and we shall laugh with judgement.

*Carl.* Come, the Gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe with you, afore I mou'd it.

*Mac.* VVhy then Gallants, you two and *Carlo* goe afore to prepare the jeast: *Sogliardo* and I will come some while after you.

*Carl.* Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

*Punt.* That's true: *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed. well, you shall leaue it to the facultie of Mounsieur *Briske*, and my selfe; vpon our liues wee will mannage it happily. *Carlo* shall bespeake supper at the Miter against wee come backe: where we will meet, and dimple our cheeks with laughter at the successe.

*Carl.* I, but will you all promise to come.

*Punt.* My

*Punt.* My selfe shall *mansfrede* it for them : he that failes , let his Reputation lie vnder the lash of thy tongue.

*Carl.* Gods so , looke who comes here.

*Enter Fungoso.*

*Sog.* VVhat, Nephew ?

*Fun.* Vncle, God saue you ; did you see a Gentleman, one Monsieur *Briske*? a Courtier, he goes in such a Sute as I doe.

*Sog.* Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in such a Sute.

*Fung.* Another Sute !

*He Swounes.*

*Sog.* How now Nephew ?

*Fast.* VVould you speake to mee Sir ?

*Carl.* I, when he has recouered himselfe : poore Poll.

*Punt.* Some *Rosa-solis*.

*Maci.* How now Signior ?

*Fun.* I am not well Sir.

*Mac.* VVhy this it is, to dog the Fashion.

*Carl.* Nay come Gentlemen , remember your affaires ; his disease is nothing but the *Fluxe* of Apparell.

*Punt.* Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe ; I'll be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe.

*Exeunt Seruingmen.*

*Sog.* Nephew, will you goe to the Court with vs ; these Gentlemen and I are for the Court : nay be not so Melancholly.

*Fung.* By Gods lid I think no man in Christendome has that rascally fortune that I haue.

*Maci.* Faith your Sute is well enough Signior.

*Fun.* Nay, not for that I protest ; but I had an errand to Monsieur *Fastidius*, and I haue forgot it.

*Maci.* VVhy goe along to the Court with vs, and remember it, come. Gentlemen, you three take one Boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another : we shall be there instantly.

*Fast.* Content : good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

*Punt.* Farewell *Carlo* ; remember.

*Carl.* I warrant you : would I had one of *Kemps* shooes to throw after you.

*Punt.* Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: and we shall frolicke.

*Exeunt.*

G R E X.

*Mit.* This *Macilente* Signior begins to bee more sociable on a suddaine me thinkes, than he was before, there's some Portent in't, I beleeeue.

*Cord.* O hee's a fellow of a strange Nature. Now do's hee (in this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with 'hem, that you shall see the very Torrent of his Envie breake forth, and against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost haue wonder to thinke how 'tis possible the current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quicke and strong an alteration.

*Mit.* I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how hee should properly call it, *Euerie man out of his Humor*, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pursue and continue their Humors?

*Cord.* VVhy therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and approacheth nearest the life, especially when in the flame and height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fils the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees, when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the Axe to it, before it came to that pride and fulnesse, were as not to haue it grow.

*Mit.* VVell I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

*Cord.* To helpe your longing, Signior, let your imagination be swifter than a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntarvolo*, *Briske*, *Fungoso*, and the Dog, arrin'd at the court gate, and going vp to the great chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, wee'll leaue them on the water till Possibilitie and Naturall meanes may land 'hem. Here come the Gallants, now prepare your Expectation.



ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.*

*Punt.* Come Lordings. Signior you are sufficiently instructed.

*Fast.* VVho I sir?

*Punt.* No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog, he is no competent attédant for the Presence.

*Fast.* Masse that's true in deed knight, you must not carrie him into the Presence.

*Punt.* I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my Cormorants to attend me.

*Fast.* VVhy you're best leaue him at the Porters lodge.

*Punt.* Not so: his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to be forth-comming.

*Fast.* Slight, how 'll you doe then?

*Punt.* I must leaue him with one that is ignorant of his qualitie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see; Here comes one that will carrie coales, *Ergo*, will hold my Dogge. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this Dog to thy prudent care?

*Enter a Groome with a basket.*

*Groome.* You may if you please sir.

*Punt.* Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy employment, and Please thee. Forth Gentles.

*Fast.* VVhy, but will you leaue him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

*Punt.* Charge? no, there weare no pollicie in that; that were to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, and so, to temp fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Honestie be sweet and short.

*Groome.* Yes sir.

*Punt.* But heark you Gallants, and cheefely Monsieur *Briske*. VVhen wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladic, let

Every man out of his Humor.

not other matters carrie vs from our Project: but (if wee can) single her forth to some place.

*Fast.* I warrant you.

*Punt.* And be not too fuddaine, but let the deuise induce it selfe with good Circumstance: on.

*Fun.* Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

*Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.*

*Groome.* Honestie, Sweet and Short? mary it shall sir, doubt you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twentie pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, he shall haue him; there's for the Short now. Sbloud, what a mad Humorous Gentleman is this to leaue his Dogge with me: I could runne away with him now and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God send him quickly againe.

*Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.*

*Maci.* Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-witted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

*Sog.* Faith and you say the word, I'll begin to her in *Tabacco*.

*Maci.* O, fie on't. no: you shall begin with, *How does my sweet Ladie*; or, *Why are you so melancholly Madame*? though she be very merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* she is: Screw your face a t'one side thus, & Protest; let her fleere and looke a skaunce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when shee laughs a fitte, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing: you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing) 'tis most Courtlike and well.

*Sog.* But shall I not vse *Tabacco* at all?

*Mac.* O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspected; and that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse of that.

*Sog.* Nay, I'll be aduis'd sir by my friends.

*Maci.* Gods my life, see where sir *Puntars Dogge* is.

*Groome.* I would the Gentleman would returne for his follower here, I'll leaue him to his fortunes else.

*Mac.* S'heart,

Every man out of his Humor.

*Maci.* S'heart, 'twere the onely true jest in the world to poison him now : ha? by Gods will I'll doe it, if I could but get him of the fellow : Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aside, and thinke vpon some deuise to entertaine the Ladie with.

*Sog.* So I doe sir. *Sog. walks off, meditating.*

*Mac.* How now mine honest friend? whose Dog-keeper art thou?

*Groome.* Dog-keeper sir? I hope I scorne that yfaith.

*Mac.* VVhy? do'st thou not keepe a Dogge?

*Groome.* Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not : I thinke this be Sweet and Short : make me his Dog-keeper?

*Thromes off the Dogge, & Exit.*

*Maci.* This is excellent above expectation : nay stay sir, you'd be traauailing; but I'll giue you a Dramme shall shorten your voyage : here : so sir, I'll be bold to take my leaue of you : now to the *Turkes* Court in the Deuils name, for you shal neuer go on Gods name. [*Kicks him out.*] *Sogliardo*, come.

*Sog.* I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

*Maci.* Take heed you leese it not Signior, ere you come there : preserue it. *Exeunt.*

*G R E X.*

*Cor.* How like you this first exploit of his?

*Mit.* O, a piece of true Enuie, but I expect the issue of the other deuise.

*Cor.* Here they come, will make it appeare.

SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Sautolima, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso.*

*Saut.* VVhy I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage.

*Punt.* Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties doe bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

*Saut.* 'Tis most Courtlike spoken sir; but how might we doe



## Euery man out of his Humor.

to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat ?

*Fast.* His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie.

*Sau.* And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you Sir ?

*Punt.* Troth Madame shee hath sore eyes, and shee doth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her.

*Sau.* Ile giue you some VVater for her eyes: when do you goe sir ?

*Punt.* Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

*Fast.* He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* judgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer seene.

*Sau.* VVhat's hee, gentle Monsieur *Briske*? not that Gentleman?

*Fast.* No Lady, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*.

*Punt.* Pray' sir, giue me leaue to report him: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler, and so exactly trauail'd, that hee is able in discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: 'speakes the Languages with that puritie of *Phrase*, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his *VVit*, the most Exuberant, and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare.

*Fast.* 'Tis most true Ladie; mary he is no such excellent proper man.

*Punt.* His Trauailes haue chang'd his complexion, Madam.

*Sau.* O Sir *Puntarvolo*, you must thinke euery man was not borne to haue my Seruant *Briskes* feature.

*Punt.* But that which transcends all, Ladie; he doth so Peerlessly imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer —

*Fast.* I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madam, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit (in the world) to discern any sparkes of the Gentleman in him, when he does it.

*Sau.* O

## Euery man out of his Humor.

*Sani.* O Monsieur *Briske*, be not so Tyrannous to confine all VVits within the compasse of your owne : Not find the sparks of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman ?

*Fun.* No in truth (sweet Ladie) I belecue you cannot.

*Sani.* Doe you belecue so ? why I can find sparkes of a Gentleman in you Sir.

*Punt.* I, he is a Gentleman Madam, and a Reueller.

*Fun.* Indeed I thinke I haue seene your Ladiship at our Reuels.

*Sani.* Like enough sir : but would I might see this wonder you talke of : may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable summe ?

*Punt.* Yes Madam, he will arriue presently.

*Sani.* VVhat, and shall we see him Clowne it ?

*Fast.* I faith (sweet Ladie) that you shall : see here he comes.

*Enter Macilente with Sogliardo.*

*Punt.* This is hee ; pray obserue him Ladie.

*Sani.* Beshrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

*Punt.* Nay, marke his Courtship.

*Sog.* How does my sweet Ladie ; *hote and moist ? Beautifull and lustie ?* ha ?

*Sani.* *Beautifull* and it please you sir, but not *lustie*.

*Sog.* O ho Ladie ; it pleases you to say so in truth : and how does my sweet Ladie ; in health ? *Bona roba, quaso ? que Nouelles ? que Nouelles ?* Sweet creature.

*Sani.* O excellent : why Gallants, is this hee that cannot be Decipher'd ? they were very bleare-witted yfaith that could not discern the Gentleman in him.

*Punt.* But doe you, in earnest Ladie ?

*Sani.* Doe I sir ? why if you had any true Court-judgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that forms his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfainting as cleere as the noone day : Alas ; Nay if you would haue tried my VVit indeed, you should neuer haue told me hee was a Gentleman, but presented him for a true Clowne indeed ; and then haue scene if I could haue Decipher'd him.

*Fast.* Fore

Every man out of his Humour.

*Fast.* Fore God, her Ladiship sayes true (Knight:) but does he not affect the Clowne most naturally, Mistresse?

*Punt.* O, shee cannot but affirme that, out of the Bountie of her Iudgement.

*Sani.* Nay out of doubt hee does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his Naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

*Fast.* 'Tis straunge in truth, her Ladiship should see so farre into him.

*Punt.* I, is't not.

*Sani.* Faith as easily as may bee: not Decipher him, quoth you?

*Fun.* Good sadnesse, I wonder at it.

*Mac.* VVhy, has shee Decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

*Punt.* O most miraculously, and beyond Admiration.

*Mac.* Is't possible?

*Fast.* Shee hath giuen most infallible signes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

*Sani.* VVhy Gallants, let me laugh at you a little: was this your deuice, to try my iudgement in a Gentleman?

*Maci.* Nay Ladie, doe not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of *Perspicacie* aboue others: VVhat if he should be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed Ladie?

*Punt.* How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiship be out of your Humour?

*Fast.* O, but she knowes it is not so.

*Sani.* VVhat if he were not a man, yee may as well say? nay if your VVorships could Gull me so indeed, you were wiser than you are taken for.

*Maci.* In good faith Ladie, hee is a verie perfect Clowne, both by Father and Mother: that I'll assure you.

*Sani.* O Sir, you are very pleasurable.

*Maci.* Nay, do but looke on his Hand, and that shall resolue you: Looke you Ladie, what a Palme here is.

*Sog.* Tut, that was with holding the Plough.

*Maci.* The Plough! did you discern any such thing in him  
Madame?



Madame?

*Fast.* Faith no, she saw the Gentleman as bright as at noon-day shee: she decipher'd him at first.

*Maci.* Troth I am sorrie your Ladiships sight should be so suddainly strooke.

*Sani.* O, you're goodly Beagles!

*Fast.* VVhat, is shee gone?

*Sog.* Nay stay sweet Ladie; *Que Nouelles, Que Nouelles.*

*Sani.* Out, you foole you.

*Exit Sani.*

*Fung.* Shee's out of her Humor yfaith.

*Fast.* Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot Gentlemen.

*Punt.* Come, on mine Honour wee'le make her blush in the Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

*Maci.* Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I belecue fir. Come Signior, your lookes are too dejected me thinkes: why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

*Fun.* By Gods will this Sute frets me at the Soule. I'le haue it alter'd to morrow sure.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Shift.*

*Shift.* I am come to the Court to meet with my Countenance  
*Sogliardo:* poore men must be glad of such Countenance, when they can get no better. VVel, Need may insult vpon a man, but it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence: The world will say, 'tis base; tush, base! 'tis base to liue vnder the earth, not base to liue aboute it, by any meanes.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.*

*Fast.* The poore Lady is most miserably out of her Humour yfaith.

*Punt.* There was neuer so wittie a jeast broken at the Tilt, of all the Court wits christen'd.

*Maci.* O, this applause taints it fowly.

*Sog.* I thinke I did my part in Courting. O Resolution!

*Punt.* Aye me, my Dogge.

*Maci.* VVhere is hee?

*Fast.* Gods pretious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior.

*Sends away Fungoso.*

P

*Punt.* Here,

*Punt.* Here, here I left him.

*Maci.* Why none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

*East.* Did you see Sir *Puntarvolos Dogge* here *Cavalier*, since you came?

*Shift.* His Dog sir? he may looke his Dog sir; I see none of his Dog sir.

*Maci.* Vpon my life hee hath stol'ne your Dog sir, and been hir'd to it by some that haue ventur'd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

*Pun.* Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dogge?

*Shift.* Charge me with your Dog sir? I ha' none of your Dog Sir.

*Punt.* Villaine, thou lyest.

*Shift.* Lie sir? S'blood y'are but a man sir.

*Punt.* Rogue and Thiefe, restore him.

*Sog.* Take heed sir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no coales I can tell you (of my word.)

*Maci.* This is rare.

*Sog.* It's mar'le he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

*Punt.* I will make thee stoupe, thou Abiect.

*Sog.* Make him stoupe sir! Gentlemen pacifie him or hee'le be kill'd.

*Maci.* Is he so tall a man?

*Sog.* Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt 'hem: make him stoupe!

*Punt.* My Dog Villaine, or I will hang thee: thou hast confessed robberies, and other Fellonious acts to this Gentleman thy Countenance.

*Sog.* I'le beare no witnesse.

*Punt.* And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

*Shift kneeles.*

*Sog.* What? kneele to thine enimie?

*Shift.* Par-

*Shift.* Pardon me good sir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life. *Enter Fungoso.*

*Fung.* O sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in the wood-yard.

*Maci.* S'blood is he not dead yet?

*Punt.* O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me sir. *Exit Punt. with Fung.*

*Sog.* How? did you neuer doe any robberie in your life?

*Maci.* O this is good: so he swore sir.

*Sog.* I, I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

*Shift.* I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd any man I; neuer stood by the high way side sir, but only said so, because I would get my self a name & be counted a tall mā.

*Sog.* Now out base *Viliaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Countenance*? By this light Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out, follow me no more. I commaund thee: out of my sight, goe, hence, speake not: I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio*.

*Mac.* O, how I do feed vpon this now, and fat my self: here were a couple vunexpectedly dishumor'd: well, by this time I hope sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to tra-uaile: nay Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight, and comfort him: our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

*Fast.* Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogs disaster, but I'll goe. (cholly.)

*Sog.* Faith and I may goe too, but I know I shall be so Melan-

*Mac.* Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your sinews asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

*Mit.* { O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them hold their meeting.

*Cor.* { I, here he comes: conceiue him but to bee enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.



SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Carlo.*

*Carl.* Holla : where be these Shot-sharkes ? *Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* By and by : you're welcome good Master *Buffone*.

*Carl.* VVhere's *George* ? call me *George* hither quickly.

*Draw.* VVhat wine please you haue Sir ? I'll draw you that's neat Master *Buffone*.

*Carl.* Away *Neophite*, doe as I bid ; bring my deare *George* to me : Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

*Georg.* VVelcome Master *Carlo*.

*Carl.* VVhat's Supper readie, *George* ?

*Georg.* I sir, almost : will you haue the cloath laid, Master *Carlo* ?

*Carl.* O, what else : are none of the Gallants come yet ?

*Georg.* None yet sir.

*Carl.* Stay, take me with you *George* : let me haue a good fat Loyne of Porke laid to the fire presently.

*Georg.* It shall sir.

*Carl.* And withall, heare you ? draw me the biggest shaft you haue out of the. But you wot of : away, you know my meaning *George*, quicke.

*Georg.* Done sir.

*Exit.*

*Carl.* Sbloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, as I doe to know our Gallants successe at the Court : now is that leane Bald-rib *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuise, and lyes a soaking in their frothy Humors like a dry crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp : could the Kecks but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable proportion, S'lid the slaue were to be loued next Heauen, about Honour, VVealth, rich Fare, Apparell, VVenches, all the delights of the Belly, and the Groine, whatever. *Enter Geor.*

*Geor.* Here Master *Carlo*.

*Carl.* Is't right, Boy ?

*Geor.* I sir, I assure you 'tis right.

*Car.* VVell

Every man out of his Humor.

Carl. VVell said my deare George, depart : Come, my finall Gymblet, you in the false scabberd, away; so: Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of *Putts forth the Drawer*  
your Bountie. *and shuts the dore.*

G R E X.

Mit. { VVhat, will he deale vpon such quantities of VVine alone.

Cor. { You shall perceiue that sir.

*He drinkes.*

Car. I marry sir, here's puritie : O George, I could bite off thy nose for this now : Sweet Rogue, hee has drawne *Nectar*, the very Soule of the Grape : I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drinke some halfe a score draughts ; 'twill heat the Braine, kindle my Imagination, I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So sir ; Please you to be here sir, and I here : So.

*He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.*

G R E X. { Cord. This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

Carl. 1 cup. Now sir, here's to you ; and I present you with so much of my loue.

2 Cup. I take it kindly from you Sir. (*Drinks.*) And will return you the like proportion : but withall sir, remembring the merrie night we had at the Countesses ; you know where sir.

1 Cup. By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessarie office, which I wil propose in your pledge sir: The health of that Honorable Countesse, and the sweet Ladie that sat by her sir.

2 I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) 2. And now Signior, with these Ladies, I'll be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. 1. Doe you know her sir ? 2 O Lord sir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this VVine were the most pretious drugge in the world.

1 Good faith sir, you do honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

G R E X.

Mit. } VVhome should he personate in this, Signior?

Cor. } Faith I know not sir, obserue, obserue him.

2 If it were the basest filth or mudde that runnes in the channell, I am bound to pledge it by God sir. (*Drinks.*) And now sir, here is againe a replenisht bowle sir, which I will *reciprocally* returne vpon you to the health of the *Count Frugale*.

1 The *Count Frugales* health sir? Ile pledge it on my knees by Iesu. 2 VVill you sir? Ile drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinkes.*)

G R E X.

Mit. } VVhy this is strange.

Cor. } Ha' you heard a better drunken Dialogue?

2 Nay, do me right Sir. 1 So I doe in good faith. 2 Good faith you doe not; mine was fuller. 1 VVhy by Iesu it was not. 2 By Iesu it was, and you doe lie. 1 Lie sir. 2 I Sir. 1 S'wounds you Rascall. 2 O, come, stabbe if you haue a mind to it. 1 Stabbe? dost thou thinke I dare not? [*In his owne person.*] Nay, I beseech you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame respect your Reputations.

*Ouer-turnes Wine, Pot, Cuppes, and all.*

*Enter Macilente.*

Mac. VVhy how now *Carlo*; what Humor's this?

Carl. O my good *Mischiefe*, art thou come? where are the rest? where are the rest?

Mac. Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

Carl. Burst? how comes that?

Mac. Faith ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Mac. O yes, and the poore Ladie is irrecoverably blown vp.

Carl. VVhy, but which of the Munition is miscarried? ha?

Maci. *Inprimis*, Sir *Puntarvolo*: next, the Countenance, and Resolution.

Car. How?



*Carl.* How? how for the loue of God?

*Mac.* Troth the *Resolution* is proou'd Recreant; the Countenance hath chang'd his Coppie; and the Passionate Knight, is shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

*Carl.* VVhat's his Dogge dead?

*Mac.* Poison'd 'tis thought: many how, or by whom, that's left for some Cunning woman heere o'the *Banke-side* to resolve: For my part, I know nothing, more than that wee are like to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

*Carl.* S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry: I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke here: but will they come, will they come?

*Mac.* They will assuredly come: marry *Carlo* (as thou lou'st me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the Knight; spare no *Sulphurous* jeit that may come out of that sweatie Forge of thine, but ply 'hem with all manner of Shot, *Minion, Saker, Culverine*, or any thing what thou wilt.

*Car.* I warrant thee my deare Case of *Petrionels*, so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

*Maci.* VVhy my good *Germane* Tapster, I will.

*Car.* VVhat *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

*Daunceth.*

*Georg.* Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

*Carl.* More *Nectar, George: Lomtero, &c.*

*Geor.* Your meat's readie sir and your companie were come.

*Carl.* Is the Loine a Porke enough?

*Georg.* I Sir, it is enough.

*Maci.* Porke? S'heart what dost thou with such a greasie Dish; I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it lookes so like a Glew-pot.

*Carl.* True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged Lathes) rub out so many Dublets as they do: but thou know'st not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generation the *Jewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha' done, well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmur

at their maker out of Garlick and Onions. Sblood fed with it, the horion strummell patcht, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledo-ryes, would ha' Gigantomachiz'd. VVell said my sweet George, fill, fill.

GREX.

Mit. { This sauiours too much of Prophanation.

Cor. { *O seruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi con-*  
flet. The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleratiō :  
for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his  
time.

Carl. 'Tis an *Axiome* in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes nea-*  
*rest the Nature of that it feeds, conuerts quicke to nourishment, and doth*  
*sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in Flesh and Entrailes, *assimulates*  
or resembles Man more, than a Hog or Swine. (*Drinkes.*)

Mac. True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes  
d'offeth off his owne Nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee  
becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as drunke as a Sow: but to  
your conclusion. (*Drinkes.*)

Carl. Marry I say, nothing resembling Man more than a  
Swine, it followes, nothing can be more nourishing: for in-  
deed (but that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one  
vpon another, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, & thrive  
much better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Cannibals*, or such  
like: but since 'tis so contrarie, Porke, Porke, is your only  
feed.

Maci. I take it your Deuill be of the same Diet; hee would  
ne're ha' desir'd to been incorporated into Swine else. O here  
comes the Melancholly messie: vpō 'hem *Carlo*, charge, charge.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso.*

Carl. Fore God sir *Puntarvolo*, I am sorie for your heauinesse;  
Bodie a mee, a shrewd mischaunce: why had you no *Vnicornes*  
horne, nor *Bezars* stone about you? ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him againe.

Carl. Take comfort good Knight, if your Cat ha' recouered  
her

her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges mischaunce may be holpen.

*Fasf.* Say how (sweet *Carlo*) for so God mend me, the poore Knights mones draw mee into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discouraged good sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your aduenture shall be perform'd vpon your Cat.

*Maci.* I belecue you Musk-cod, I belecue you, for rather than thou would'it make present repairement, thou would'it take it vpon his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

*Carl.* Nay Gods life, hee'ld be content (so he were well rid out of his companie) to pay him fine for one at his next meeting him in *Paules*. But for your Dogge, sir *Puntar*, if he be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-saluer*, shall put life in him againe, that's certaine.

*Fung.* O no, that comes too late.

*Maci.* Gods pretious Knight, will you suffer this?

*Punt.* Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe presently.

*Sog.* I, and bring vp Supper; for I am so Melancholly.

*Car.* Ah Signior, where's your *Resolution*?

*Sog.* *Resolution*! hang him Rascall: O *Carlo*, if you loue me doe not mention him.

*Carl.* VVhy, how so? how so?

*Sog.* O the arrant't *Crocodile* that euer Christian was acquainted with. By Iesu, I shall thinke the worse of *Tabacco* while I liue for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man——

*Maci.* Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

*Car.* Sblood, hee lookes like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his Face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse with the mouth downward; his beard's the Tassels: and hee walkes (let me see) as Melancholly as one o'the Masters side in the Counter. Doe you heare sir *Puntar*?

*Punt.* Sir, I doe entreat you no more, but enjoyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

*Car.* Nay but deare Knight vnderstand (here are none but friends, & such as wish you well) I would ha' you do this now; Flea me your Dog presently (but in any case keep the head) &



stufte his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholmew faire.

*Punt.* I shall be suddaine I tell you.

*Car.* Or if you like not that sir, get me somewhat a lesse dog and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a Iew, one *Iohan*; or a fellow that makes Periwigs will glew it on artificially, it shall ne're bee discern'd; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the Hound to travell in you know.

*Maci.* Sir *Puntarvolo*, Sdeath can you be so patient?

*Carl.* Or thus Sir: you may haue (as you come through Germanie) a Familiar for little or nothing shall turn it selfe into the shape of your Dog, or any thing (what you will) for certaine howers: Gods my life knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? Hold, hold.

*Punt.* Sbloud you slaue, you Bandog you.

*Carlo.* As you loue God, stay the enraged knight, Gentlemen.

*Punt.* By my knighthood, hee that stirres in his rescue, dies. Drawer be gone.

*Carl.* Murder, murder, murder.

*Punt.* I, are you houling, you *VVolf*? Gentlemen, as you tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee perfect. Sirha *Buffone*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my Rapier hilts:

*Carl.* Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and 'fore God I'll honour thee more than the Turke do's *Mahomet*.

*Pun.* Downe (I say.) *VV*hose there?

*Const.* Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

*Carl.* Good *Macilente*.

*Punt.* Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here, he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen: you knocke in vaine sir officer,

*Carl.* Et tu Brute.

*Punt.* Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by heauen.

*Carl.* O,

Euery man out of his Humor

*Carl.* O, O. *They seale vp his lips.*

*Const.* Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

*Maci.* Nay good Constable haue patience a little, you shall come in presently, we haue almost done.

*Punt.* So; now, are you out of your humor sir. Shift Gentlemen.

*They all draw & Exeunt.*

*Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.*

*Const.* Lay hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

*Fast.* Lay hold on me sir! for what?

*Const.* Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your companions.

*Fast.* My riot! God's my judge, take heed what you doe; Carlo did I offer any violence?

*Const.* O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, & that makes you so paramptorie.

*Fast.* Peremptorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

*Enter George.*

*Georg.* They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid any hold on.

*Const.* VVell sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee found out.

*Fast.* Sbloud I appeale to George here.

*Const.* Tut George was not here: away with him to the Counter sirs. Come sir you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

*Exeunt.*

*Manent two Drawers.*

*Geor.* Good Lord that maister Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a Gentleman the knight is if he be angrie.

*Drawer.* A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meat on our hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

*Enter Macilente.*

*Mac.* VVhat are they gone sirs.

*Georg.* O here's maister Macilente.

*Mac.* Sirha George do you see that concealement there? that Napkin vnder the Table?

*Geor.* Gods so', Signior Fungoso!

## Euery man out of his Humor.

*Maci.* Hee's a good pawne for the reckoning; be sure you keepe him here, and let him not goe away till I come againe, though he offer to discharge all; I'll returne presently.

*Geor.* Sirrah, we haue a pawne for the Reckoning.

*Draw.* VVhat? of *Macilente*?

*Geor.* No; looke vnder the Table.

*Fung.* I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not. Masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable gone?

*Lookes out vnder the Table.*

*Georg.* VVhat? Master *Fungofo*?

*Fun.* VVas't not a good deuise the same of me Sirs?

*Geor.* Yes faith; ha' you been here all this while?

*Fun.* O God I: good sirs looke and the coast be cleere, I'd faine be going.

*Geor.* All's cleere Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you must cleare and pay before you goe, I assure you.

*Fung.* I pay? S'light, I eate not a bit since I came into the house yet.

*Draw.* VVhy you may when you please sir, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

*Fung.* Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

*Geor.* By you sir? I know not that: but 'twas for you and your companie, I am sure.

*Fun.* My companie? S'lid I was an inuited guest, so I was.

*Draw.* Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and we must be answer'd; that's the short and the long on't.

*Fung.* Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Masters, then would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

*Geor.* VVhat, and haue such Apparell? Doe not say so, Signior, that mightily discredits your clothes.

*Fung.* By Iesu the Taylour had all my money this morning, and yet I must be faine to alter my Sute too: good sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no stomack in the world to eat any thing.

*Draw.* That's



Euery man out of his Humor.

*Draw.* That's no matter so you pay fir.

*Fung.* Pay? Gods light, with what conscience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

*Geor.* Yes fir, I did see you drinke once.

*Fung.* By this Cup (which is *silver*) but you did not, you doe mee infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

*Draw.* VVell fir, if you can satisfie my Maister, it shall be all one to vs. By and by.

*One calls George within.*

*Exeunt.*

GREX.

*Cord.* { Loose not your selfe now Signior.

*Enter Macilente and Deliro.*

*Maci.* Tut fir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparent, in spight of any dust of suspition, that may bee raised to dimme it: and henceforth since I see it is so against your Humor, I will neuer labour to persuaade you.

*Deli.* VVhy I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace so much?

*Mac.* Faith sir 'tis thus. Your wiu's brother Signior *Fungoso*, being at supper to night at a Tauerne with a sort of Gallants: there happened some diuision amongst 'hem, and he is left in pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you looke that time shall present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gracious and acceptable seruice, take hold of this Opportunitie, and presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his credite so amply engaged as now it is, when shee shall heare (as he cannot himselfe, but hee must out of extremitie report it) that you came and offered your selfe so kindly, and with that respect of his Reputation, Slud the benefit cannot but make hir doat, and grow mad of your affections.

*Deli.* Now by heauen *Macilente*, I acknowledge my selfe exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue; and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect

## Euery man out of his Humor.

a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was going to bed if you had not come, what Tauerne is it?

*Maci.* The Miter sir.

*Deli.* O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

*Enter Fallace.*

*Fall.* Come, I mar'le what peece of nightworke you haue in hand now, that you call for your cloke and your shoes: what, is this your Pandor?

*Deli.* O sweet wife speak lower, I would not he should heare thee for a world----

*Fall.* Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his trecherie, with his wild quicke-set beard there. VVhether goe you now with him?

*Deli.* No whether with him deare wife, I goe alone to a place, from whence I will returne instantly. Good *Macilente* acquaint not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answer, I'll come backe immediately.

*Exit Deliro.*

*Fall.* Nay, and I be not worthy to know whether you go, stay till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

*Mac.* Heare you mistres *Deliro*.

*Fall.* So Sir, and what say you?

*Mac.* Faith Ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight respect, when you shall know 'hem.

*Fall.* Your intents? why, what may your intents be for Gods sake?

*Mac.* Troth the time allows no circumstance Ladie, therefore know, this was but a deuise to remoue your Husband hence, & bestow him securely, whilest (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Mounsieur *Briske*; nay comfort sweet Ladie. This night (being at supper) a sort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which hee (onely) is apprehended and caried to the Counter, where if your Husband and other Creditors should but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer.

*Fall.* Aye me, that he were.

*Mac.* Now

*Maci.* Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, doe not forslow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him, will doe it.

*Fall.* O God Sir, he shall not want for a bribe : pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently.

*Mac.* No Ladie, I shall do you better seruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetie :

*Exit.*

*Fall.* Good truth so you may; farewell good Sir. Lord how a woman may be mistaken in a man : I would haue sworne vpon all the Testaments in the world he had not lou'd maister *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there maid: Alasse good Gentleman, if all I haue i' this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall bee at his seruice.

*Exit.*

G R E X.

*Mitis.* How *Macilente* sweats i' this businesse, if you marke him :

*Cord.* I, you shall see the true picture of Spight anone, here comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

*Enter Deliro, Fungoso, Drawer following them.*

*Deli.* Come Brother, be not discourag'd for this man, what :

*Drawer.* No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you Brother I haue done imitating any more Gallants either in purse or apparrell, but as shall become a Gentleman for good carriage or so.

*Deli.* You say well. This is all i' the bill here? is't not?

*Georg.* I Sir.

*Deli.* There's your money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

*Fung.* I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

*Deli.* VVhat is't right?

*Geor.* I Sir, and I thanke you.

*Fung.* Let me haue a Capons legge fau'd, now the reckoning is paid.

*Geor.* You shall Sir :

*Exit.*

*Enter Macilente.*

*Mac.* VVhere's Signior *Deliro*?

*Deli.* Here



Every man out of his Humor.

*Deli.* Hère *Macilente*.

*Maci.* Harke you sir, ha' you dispatcht this same ?

*Deli.* I marry haue I.

*Maci.* VVell then, I can tell you newes, *Briske* is i' the Counter.

*Deli.* I' the Counter ?

*Mac.* 'Tis true Sir, committed for the stirre here to night. Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i' the meane time you may clap your Action on *Briske*, and your wife (being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any meanes. —

*Deli.* 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

*Mac.* Thinke ? why 'ts past thought, you shall neuer meet the like opportunitie, I assure you.

*Deli.* I will doe it. Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent. and I haue some priuate businesse ; and tell my sweet wife, I'le come presently.

*Fung.* I will Brother.

*Maci.* And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see ?) made you a man of good Reckoning ; redeem'd that you neuer were possesst of, Credite ; gaue you as Gentlemanlike terms as might be ; found no fault with your comming behind the fashion ; nor nothing.

*Fung.* Nay I am out of those Humors now.

*Maci.* VVell, if you be out, keepe your distance, and be not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Signior, let's make hast.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Briske and Fallace.*

*Fallace.* O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are, in so soure a place ?  
and kisses him.

Euery man out of his Humor.

GREX.

*Cord.* As vpon her lips do's she meane?

*Mit.* O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

*Fast.* Troth faire Ladie, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

*Fall.* Nay, you shall bee comforted in me more than this, if you please Sir. I sent you word by my Brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you recei'd it, or no?

*Fast.* No beleue it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such *intelligence*.

*Fall.* O the Lord!

*Fast.* But has your husband any such purpose?

*Fall.* O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore bee presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeare; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings*. VVhere's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies: are there?

*Fast.* No sweet mistresse, why are you in this passion?

*Fall.* O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that perswaded him to't, the Scholler there, (who on my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you *intelligence* by my Brother; and how I gaue him foure So-ueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'd say, I were in a Pasion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O Maister *Briske* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choise, when one is compelled either by silence to die with griefe, or by speaking to liue with shame.*

*Fast.* Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure  
R you,

Every man out of his Humor.

you, that where Aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, Prosperitie shall not—— Gods light your Husband.

*Fall.* O mee!

*Enter Deliro, Macilente.*

*Deli.* It'st thus!

*Maci.* VVhy how now Signior *Deliro*? has the VVolfse seene you? ha? hath *Gorgons* head made marble on you?

*Deli.* Some Planet strike me dead.

*Maci.* VVhy looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha'sau'd this labor of Admiration now, and Passion, and such extremities as this fraile lumpe of Flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why doe you not dote now Signior? Me thinks you should say it were some Enchantment, *Deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade your selfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: faith trie what you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

*Fall.* Sweet Husband?

*Deli.* Out lasciuious Strumpet.

*Exit Deliro.*

*Maci.* VVhat? did you see how ill that stale vain became him afore, of Sweet VVife, and Deare heart? and are you falne just into the same now? with Sweet Husband. Away, follow him, goe, keepe state, what? Remember you are a woman: turn impudent: gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the horns, Away.

*Exit Fallace.*

And yet mee thinkes you should take your leaue of *Insans-perdus* here, your forlorn hope. How now Mounseieur *Brisk*: what? Friday at night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpa-menta*? your delicate Morsels: I perceiue the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen, pursues you wheresoeuer you goe Mounseieur.

*Fall.* Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not haue come a thing i' this world to haue distracted mee more than the wrinkled fortunes of this poore Dame.

*Maci.* O



## Euery man out of his Humor.

*Maci.* O yes Sir : I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, belecue it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions against you, three Actions Mounſieur : mary one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark, and the other two ſome five thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

*Faſt.* O God, I am vndone.

*Maci.* Nay not altogether ſo Sir, the Knight muſt haue his hundred pound repai'd, that'll helpe too, and then fixefcore pound for a Diamond : you know where ? theſe be things will weigh Mounſieur; they will weigh.

*Faſt.* O Ieſu!

*Maci.* VVhat doe you ſigh ? this it is to kiſſe the hand of a Counteſſe, to haue hir Coach ſent for you, to hang Poinards in Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery one of theſe great fauours to giue ſome ſlight Iewell of five hundred crownes, or ſo, why 'tis nothing. Now Mounſieur, you ſee the plague that treads o'the heeles of your ſopperie, well, goe your waies in; Remoue your ſelfe to the two-penny ward quickly to ſaue charges, and there ſet vp your reſt to ſpend Sir *Puntar's* hundred pound for him. Away  
*Exit Briſke.*  
good *Pomander*, goe.

VVhy here's a change : Now is my ſoule at peace,  
I am as emptie of all Envie now,  
As they of Merit to be envied at,  
My Humor (like a flame) no longer laſts  
Than it hath ſtuffe to feed it, and their vertue,  
Being now rak't vp in embers of their Follie,  
Affords no ampler Subject to my Spirit;  
I am ſo farre from malicing their ſtates,  
That I begin to pittie 'hem : it greeues me  
To thinke they haue a *being* ; I could wiſh  
They might turne wiſe vpon it, and be ſau'd now,  
So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vaniſh Vapors.  
And now with *Aſpers* tongue (though not his ſhape)  
Kind *Patrons* of our ſports (you that can judge,  
'nd with diſcerning thoughts meaſure the pace

## Euery man out of his Humor.

Of our strange Muse in this her *Maze* of Humor,  
You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes  
And nature of sweet *Poesie* to you  
I tender solemn and most duteous thanks,  
For your stretcht patience and attentine grace.  
VVe know (and we are pleas'd to know so much)  
The Cates that you haue tasted were not season'd  
For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd  
To banquet pure and apprehensiu eates :  
Let then their Voices speake for our desert ;  
Be their *Applause* the Trumpet to proclaime  
Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,  
And the greene spirits of some tainted Few,  
That (spight of pitie) betray themselues  
To Scorne and Laughter; and like guiltie Children,  
Publish their *infancie* before their time,  
By their owne fond exception : Such as these  
VVe pawne 'hem to your *censure*, till Time, VVit,  
Or Obseruation, set some stronger scale  
Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and intreat  
The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,  
(So many as haue sweet minds in their breasts,  
And are too wise to thinke themselues are taxt  
In any generall Figure, or too vertuous  
To need that wisdomes imputation :)  
That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme  
This, as their pleasures *Pattent*: which so sign'd,  
Our leane and spent Endeouours shall renue  
Their Beauties with the *Spring* to smile on you.

FIN. I S.

**I**T had another *Catastrophe* or Conclusion, at the first Playing: which. (*ὅτε δὲ τὴν βασιλίσσαν προσώπεποιδῶς*) many seem'd not to relish it; and therefore 'twas since alter'd: yet that a right-ei'd and solide *Reader* may perceine it was not so great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons.

- 1 *There hath been* President *of the like Presentation in diuers Playes: and is yeerely in our Cittie Pageants or shewes of Triumph.*
- 2 *It is to be concein'd, that Macilente being so strongly possesst with Enuie, (as the Poet beere makes him) it must bee no sleight or common Object, that should effect so suddaine and straunge a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane Out of his Humor.*
- 3 *If his Imagination had discours't the whole world ouer for an Object, it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthie Figure, than that of her Maiesties: which his Election (though boldly, yet respectfully) vs'd to a Morall and Mysterious end.*
- 4 *His greedinesse to catch at any Occasion, that might expresse his affection to his Soueraigne, may worthily plead for him.*
- 5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd Opinion) that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her Inualuable Vertues, than the working of so perfect a Miracle on so oppos'd a Spirit, who not only persisted in his Humor, but was now come to the Court with a purpos'd resolution (his Soule as it were new drest in Enuie) to maligne at any thing that should front him; when sodainly (against expectation,*



## Euery man out of his Humor.

*pectation, and all Steele of his Malice) the verie wonder of  
her Presence strikes him to the earth dumbe, and astonisht.  
From whence rising and recovering heart, his Passion thus  
utters it selfe.*

*Maci.* Blessed, Diuine, Vnblemisht, Sacred, Pure,  
Glorious, Imimmortall, and indeed Immense;  
O that I had a world of Attributes,  
To lend or adde to this high Maieslie:  
Neuer till now did Object greet mine eyes  
VVith any light Content: but in her Graces  
All my malitious Powers haue lost their stings:  
*Enuie* is fled my Soule at sight of her,  
And shee hath chac'd all blacke thoughts from my bosome,  
Like as the Sunne doth darkenesse from the world.  
My streame of *Humor* is runne out of me:  
And as our Citties Torrent (bent t' infect  
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)  
Is checkt by strength and clearenesse of the Riuer,  
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore;  
So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood  
Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd:  
And I haue now a Spirit as sweet and cleere,  
As the most raref'd and subtile Aire;  
VVith which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,  
(Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneeles.*  
O Heauen: that Shee (whose Figure hath effected  
This change in me) may neuer suffer Change  
In her Admir'd and happie Gouernment:  
May still this Iland be call'd *Fortunate*,  
And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound  
VVhen *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.  
Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,  
And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart  
VVhen he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile:

The Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,  
 And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce fairie Rings  
 About her Court ; where neuer may there come  
*Suspect* or *Daunger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie* :  
 Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Ennie* blind  
 In her dread *Presence* : *Death* himselfe admire her :  
 And may her *Virtues* make him to forget  
 The vse of his ineuitable hand.  
 Fly from her *Age* ; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne ,  
 Our strongest wall falls downe when shee is gone.

Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time *Macilente* conuerts  
 himselfe to them that supply the place of *G R E X*, and speaks.

*G R E X*.

*Mai*. How now *Sirs* ? how like you it ? has't not ben tedious ?

*Cor*. Nay, we ha' done *censuring*, now.

*Mit*. Yes faith.

*Mai*. How so ?

*Cor*. *Mary* because wee'le imitate your *Actors*, and be out of  
 our *Humors*. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more  
 abilitie in *Censure* than wee, whose Iudgements can giue it a  
 more satisfying Allowance: wee'le refer you to them.

*Mac*. I t'is't e'en so: *VVell*; Gentlemē, I should haue gone in,  
 and return'd to you as I was *Asser* at the first: but (by reason  
 the Shift would haue been somewhat long, and we are loth to  
 draw your *Patience* any farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine  
 it. And now (that you may see I will be out of *Humor* for com-  
 panie) I stand wholly to your kind *Approbation*, and (indeed)  
 am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning : *Mary*  
 I will not doe as *Plantus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this (*Summi Iouis*  
*causa*, *Plaudite* :) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake ; but if you (out  
 of the Bountie of your good liking) will bestow it ; why, you  
 may (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn Fallstaffe*.

*Exeunt*.

*Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.*

of the same kind, and the same kind of















